Fun for You and Me

Grace Le Baron

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'TWIXT YOU AND ME

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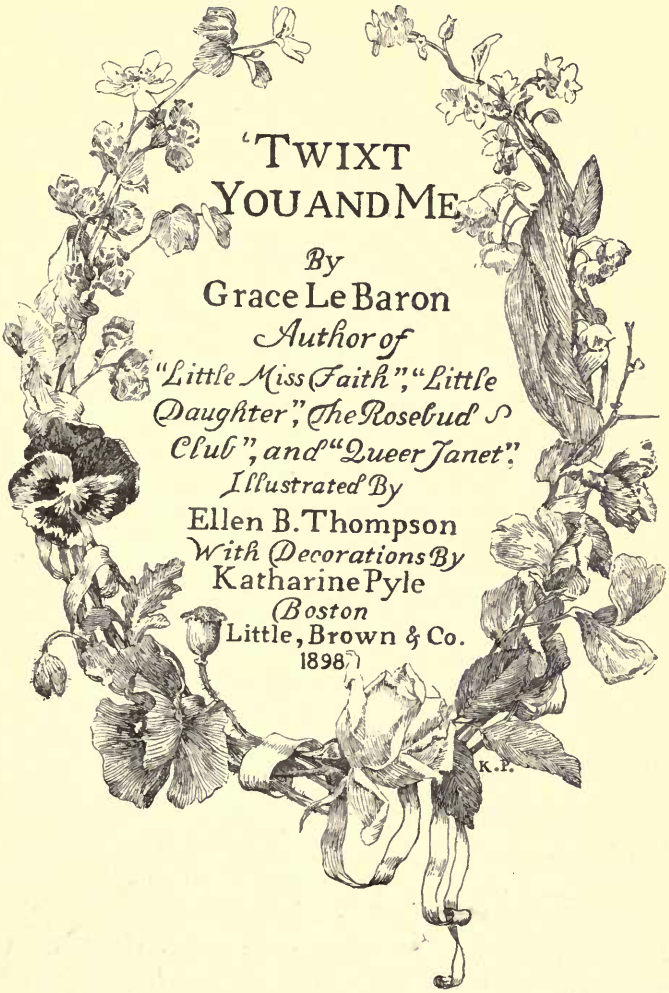

'TWIXT YOU AND ME

By

Grace Le Baron

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"Little Miss Faith", "Little Daughter", The Rosebud Club", and "Queer Janet".

Illustrated By

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With Decorations By

Katharine Pyle

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K.P.

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DEDICATED

TO

The Little Ones of Yesterday,

NOW

The Lads and Lassies of To-day.

2227852

PREFACE.

BEING loth to cease my friendship of years with THE LITTLE ONES OF YESTERDAY, I have chosen to continue it with the present story, in the fond hope that 'TWIXT YOU AND ME may, like the flowers between its pages, speak my loving message, and be a bond to unite me a little longer to those who have now grown into THE LADS AND LASSIES OF TO-DAY.

GRACE LE BARON.

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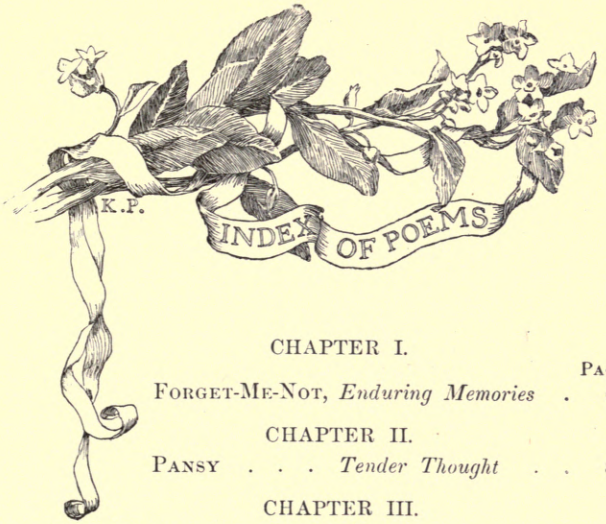

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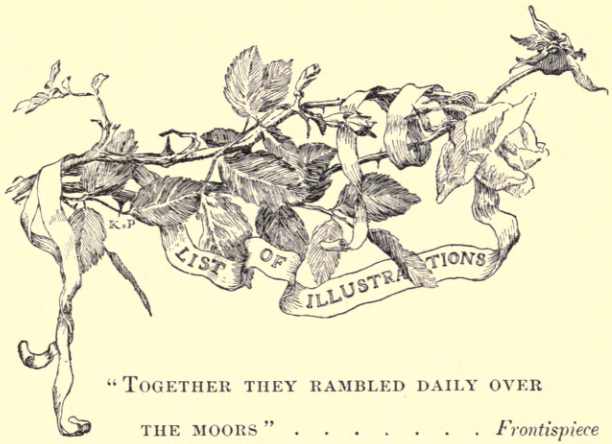

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Full-page drawings by ELLEN B. THOMPSON.

Floral decorations from drawings by KATHARINE PYLE.

Come walk with me my garden path,
Nor wait until Life's aftermath
Shall blight the lily's stalk.
A nosegay I will pluck for you,
Of poppies red, and harebells blue;
Come, Youth, and with me walk.

BY THE SEA
Forget-me-not
Enduring
Memories
K. Pyle.

'Twixt You and Me.

I.

BY THE SEA.

FORGET-ME-NOT. ENDURING MEMORIES.

TIME, summer, and the hour, high noon. Two girls, with all the freshness of youth and the budding promise of womanhood upon their pretty faces, sit in the stern of a little sail-boat, which almost defies its name, so idly does it seem to float upon the water. The canvas sail hardly moves, and the hot sun, shining in the pretty girl-faces, does its utmost to add another coat of tan and sunburn to the already browned cheeks of the two.

The boat itself is a crude affair, never, of course, to be dignified with the pretentious name of "yacht;" for even the more common one of "sailboat" seems out of order for the home-made-looking little craft.

"Oh, come, girls," cries their companion, a freckle-faced boy, who, although he does not wear

the conventional dress of a sailor lad, nevertheless aspires to impress his hearers with his knowledge of winds and tides. "Come, I say, girls, she 'll never get round the Point without any more wind than this! What shall we do? Turn back, or go ahead, or — wait?"

"Well," replied the elder of the two girls thus addressed, "what a question to ask us, Harold Macy! What do we know about a sailboat? And how do you expect to turn back without a wind any more than to go on without one? Of course we must wait. Now, if this was only a rowboat, why, Daisy and I might help at the oars, but —"

"But it is!" cried the lad; "and that is just why I am asking. Come, which is it? Quick! Have n't I been about in this harbor ever since I was old enough to sit on the wharves and toss a line to minnows? and don't I know all about winds and tides? and don't you see, for yourselves, there is n't even a cat's paw, and the tide is going out fast? Quick! what shall we do, girls? Shall we row?" And without heeding an answer, the sail was loosened from its thwart and tossed into the bottom of the boat, with an air of importance,

— or rather, unimportance; the rowlocks were quickly put in place; and — "Presto, change!" — a rowboat! and Harold Macy, bending to the oars, proved that a boy in a boat is as much at home as a fish in the water.

With the odds against the little craft, its progress, however, was not all to be desired by the impatient party on board.

"Do hurry, Cousin Harold!" said Daisy Wilder, the younger of the girls. "Why, we shall never get there in time for the bathing, and, see, the noon boat is just getting ready to start. Oh, do hurry! for we shall be right in her way."

"She will be right in our way, you mean," replied the lad, in an indifferent manner, quite in contrast to that of his nervous cousin. "Little folks like us must be looked out for," said he.

"Yes," replied Daisy, "that is true; but we ought not to put ourselves in her way. Little people have rights, and big ones too; and we have not any more right to bother the steamer by getting in her course, than a big brother has a right to hector his little sister. Then, too, if the steamer should run us down, we

could not argue over rights much, anyway, with our mouths full of salt water, and performing gymnastics under her paddle-wheel, could we? — But, come, row fast, Cousin Harold, and we will make the Point before she starts," said Daisy, in a coaxing tone, which had its effect upon the boy, for he bent with a will to his oars.

Soon, rounding the Point, which the lighthouse guarded, the tiny boat danced up and down in the wake of the steamer, as the latter passed, and Harold Macy, with a triumphal air, doffed his cap, crying out, "Good-bye, strangers! Good-bye, all! Come fish with us next summer again! Good-bye, strangers!"

"Strangers!" repeated the two girls, in unison, and in indignation as well.

"Harold, why do you call all of us who come to this island, strangers?" asked Daisy. "Just because we do not happen to have one of the dozen names so common down here, and be alphabetically tagged? You came very near not having one yourself, Harold Macy; and you would n't, if your mother's first husband had n't died, and made a way for your father!" and Daisy's eyes glistened with a satisfaction

that, it is feared, had its birth in the family discussion over the well-timed "passing away" of Aunt Susan B.'s first husband.

Daisy continued: "I do not believe I am half as much of a stranger in this town as old Widow — what 's her name? — up the lane, there, who sits and rocks and knits, day in and day out, and never goes out of the house, but is always wondering 'what people want to live up there for, anyway, where the land could be had for a song when she was a girl.' Now, what does she, or those like her, — and there are lots of them, too, down here, — know about the Cliff, and its people?" asked Daisy.

"Yes," chimed in Rosemary; "Daisy and I know every square inch of this island! Every cobblestone, even. Do we not, Daisy?"

"I should think so, Rosemary," replied Daisy; "and I have good reason to remember one cobblestone, with not too much affection either, for tripping me up, and making me lose a good part of my vacation last year;" and Daisy's mind wandered in fancy to her days of solitude with her lame knee, which had ever since carried the scars of the battle between flesh and stone.

"Strangers! Strangers! No, indeed, Harold Macy!" said Daisy, assuming an air of playful indignation. "No, Thomas Macy and I were just as good friends as you and he ever were! He died before either of us was born, so you didn't know him, neither did I; but I never heard that it was a written or unwritten law which said I should not make this my home, especially when my father pays taxes here. Isn't home where you pay your taxes? and this is one of my homes, just as much as it is yours, Harold Macy, and I love it! Yes, I love this place, — better than you do, I believe, too!"

The boy rested on his oars, and, after a momentary look of indignation excited by Daisy's argument, resumed his rowing, saying meditatively, "Well, perhaps you do, Cousin Daisy. But you have not trudged these streets and no other, as I have, always. Sixteen years is a long-enough stay in any place for me."

"No, I have not, I know," replied Daisy; "but when I have, I shall be so fond of these little crooked lanes and moss-grown cobble-stones that even that evil genius that disputed with me so forcibly will be forgiven, and become

as precious as a nugget of gold! Many a night I go to bed in the winter, and I fancy I hear the waves plashing and dashing on the beach; and their music seems to soothe me off to sleep, with their 'lullaby — lullaby.'"

The boy looked up again from his oars, long enough to say, "Lullaby! Humph! I just wish that I could get where they don't sing lullabies, Daisy, — in the city, where you need n't sleep if you don't want to."

"That is it, you see, Harold. Now, you just want to turn your back upon a friend, and I am satisfied to put my arms right around this little stranger and stay forever on this island. Now which of us really loves it the most, do you think, — you, or Rosemary and I? So don't you ever let me hear you call either of us 'Stranger;' for if you do, I will never own you as a cousin, even by marriage!" replied Daisy, in a most determined manner; and with this convincing argument the discussion ended, — a discussion that at times seemed to have a stronger flavor of a children's petty quarrel than of a dignified assertion of equal rights.

Rosemary McBurnie and Daisy Wilder were friends of many summers. Their winter friend-

ship, like the snowdrops, which hide their pretty heads under the snow only to fulfil their annual promises, rested peaceably in their young hearts, until the time when the cottagers on the beach took down the shutters, that had defied the winter's storms, and the summer homes of the McBurnies and Wilders smiled again in the harmony of happy friendships in the summer sunlight. And again and again the two girls renewed their friendship, too, — none the less sincere because of the long silence, and always with the mutual question, "Why did you not write to me last winter?" and each had always the same reason to give, of "good intentions unfulfilled."

The two girls were quite unlike in disposition. Rosemary had a sweet dignity, almost unnatural to youth, and seemed to live in an atmosphere which Daisy always said belonged to "cloud-land, where the angels live." And Daisy! Daisy was the same little mischief, even in her teens, that she had ever been, since the time when, as children, the two had indulged in the pastime of brewing and baking that delectable morsel of childhood's days, — the mud-pie! Then it was that Daisy would upset Rosemary's,

and, with a merry laugh, run away as fast as her little feet could trudge through the heavy sand on the beach, leaving Rosemary to quietly refill the pretty escallop shells which old Ocean brought to her feet, and to make her choice of mosses for their garnishing.

Happy days those were for them both! Happy days were still theirs; and the two loved with a love too sincere for anything but complete trust, and too ardent for the encroachment of petty jealousies. Rosemary's dignity often regulated Daisy's natural roguishness, and a look on the former's face often called a halt to the latter's over-exuberance of spirit. In fact, it was just such a look from Rosemary that made Daisy give up her discussion with her cousin over her rights, just as the steamer went far out of sight with its deck-load of passengers, who never would know what a loyal champion they had in the Boston girl, Daisy Wilder.

Rosemary McBurnie had been a silent listener to the discussion, — since it had really fallen into a discussion, — and sat looking out over the water in dreamy mood. She watched the outgoing tide with a double interest, because of the bathing in anticipation, and the home-coming;

both of which would, of course, be influenced by the laws governing tides and winds; then ventured the question, "Do you think that we shall ever get to the Cliff in time for the bathing, Harold?" Again, getting bolder, she asked, "Will you let me help you row? Oh, I know how to row, — perhaps not a Harvard or a Wellesley stroke; but do let me try, will you, Harold?"

And Harold Macy, too proud to allow that his strength was in the least taxed, willingly resigned one of the oars to the young girl, who surprised the freckle-faced lad by her aptness and skill at rowing; and the little boat soon reached its destination, — the bathing shore.

Harold Macy, with the air of a gallant, as befitted the amateur captain of the "Undine," pulled the boat a little nearer to the sands, and Rosemary and Daisy jumped from the bow, with an agility as effectual as if learned on a ship's deck and rigging, instead of within the four walls of a city gymnasium. Rosemary, with the air of an elder sister, drew her companion's hand through her arm, and, with the bathing pavilion as their Mecca, Daisy and she hurried their steps over the sandy beach.

"Only think," said Daisy, "this is to be my last visit to the Cliff this year; and I must say good-bye to it this morning."

"Why, Daisy, what do you mean?" asked Rosemary, in astonishment, and the least touch of sadness in her voice.

"Did not mamma tell you that we go away on Saturday? and to-morrow will be my busy day." And as Daisy said this, her usual merry laugh seemed to echo a minor sound at the prospect of leaving her holiday home and friends. "Yes," she added, after a pause; "we had a letter by last night's boat, saying that Uncle Willard and Aunt Frances will sail for Europe next week, and mamma says that she must be at home before they go. We were going away earlier than usual this year, anyway, because I am going somewhere to boarding-school." As Daisy said these words, her face assumed an unusually serious look. "Just think of it, — going away from home to school!" she said. "Oh, dear! why must I go to boarding-school, I wonder? Every girl does not have to go away to school. Oh, dear! why must I go to school, anyway, when so many stand ready to take my place? I know that I shall be the King's jester of the class.

But here we are now. Adieu, Rosemary, until we meet at the fifth wave out by the jetty." And the two friends parted from each other to prepare for their swim, and later emerged to join in a race for the water's edge, where, with a "One, two, three," they flung themselves into the waves, and were soon disporting themselves as mermaids, rather than mortals.

Yes, it was all too true. Daisy Wilder was to become a student, or to try to become one; and the possibilities of her success lay in her own confession, — that the privilege was not a privilege, but a punishment. Books she had little respect for, and no love whatever for such "time-killers," as she called them. They were not to her, as to many, her dearest companions, but only to be cultivated when a rainy day deprived her of other friendships, better suited to her choice.

"No," she would often say, "I am not a really and truly Bostonian; for I don't wear blue glasses, and I don't love books, — and blue stockings almost always crock! I love everything that God made, and man made books. I love the birds and the flowers and the ocean."

What, then, is to be expected of a student like

Daisy Wilder, to whom Greek must indeed be a "dead language," and Mathematics an "unknown quantity"?

Rosemary McBurnie, on the contrary, was, as her mother often said, "all books." With highest honors she had graduated from her several classes, and the diplomas that hung in their pretty frames about her room in the McBurnies' home in the city represented not only honors to her, but recalled to her, as well, happy days of study and close companionship with her books. At the close of the holidays Rosemary, too, was to resume her friendships with such friends as the blind poet Milton, and those others — Paul and Virginia — speaking to her in a foreign language. So it was hardly to be expected that she could fully sympathize with Daisy in the latter's fancied misfortune.

But, despite this difference in taste and opinion of books, the two girls had much in common for enjoyment. Flowers spoke to them both, in the same loving language of fragrance and beauty. The ocean, whether at peace or tossing its white caps upon the sands in deafening roar, appealed to them both, in its magnificence, as a messenger from God, to be heeded, to be

feared, and, above all, to be loved. Together, they rambled daily over the moors of the island, — now gathering the flora in its brilliancy of many colors; now resting on the flowered carpet spread under their feet, to learn from "Gray's Botany" any information about the blue heather, or the pretty blossoms of the gerardia.

Long before their annual arrival at their summer home, explicit directions always preceded them, to Sam Meader, a quondam sailor (who had since been a general-utility landsman), telling him to bring out from its winter hiding-place the red rowboat, which had for many summers served as a memory, and a pretty flower-garden for the two girls.

Alas! once this same little boat had started out one summer afternoon, full of happiness, with Guy McBurnie as its boy captain, and when it was found the next day, beached high and dry in the tall rushes, it was "mustered out of service," as was its boy captain; and at last the mother's heart yielded to the children's importunings, and so it had stood ever since between the two cottages, — an ever-present bond of sympathy between the two families, and a floral memory to the loved but venturesome boy.

It was this same mutual fondness for flowers that led up to the girls' conversation on their homeward way; for, leaving the beach with its idle loungers behind them; leaving the ocean in the possession of its bevy of bathers, — yes, even leaving the "Undine" in its ill-befitting and humiliating place on shore, — they readily accepted Harold Macy's proposition, to "let the boat stay there until the tide should come in, and walk home, up over the Cliff road;" and Rosemary and Daisy started along, with Harold following in the rear.

Said Rosemary, "The summer will seem so short with you gone, Daisy."

"And the winter will seem so long, will it not, Rosemary, away from home and you?" returned Daisy, with a sigh. "You may think of me, — up to pranks, instead of books, though. I wonder who will be my room-mate. Suppose she should be some girl like Beulah Scilley! Dear me! she will think that I ought to be expelled before a week is out;" and Daisy laughed heartily, as if such a future had no terrors, nevertheless.

"But, of course," said Rosemary, in gentle rebuke at Daisy's threatened insubordination, —

"of course you will want to study, and not lay yourself liable to such disgrace as that."

"Disgrace!" repeated Daisy; "why must it always be thought a disgrace for a girl to have all the fun she can in the world? Why, the only reason I am reconciled to going away at all is because everybody says that girls have *awfully* nice times at a boarding-school!" and Daisy Wilder looked as if she was beyond reasoning with; but the mischief in her face that emphasized her reckless speech could not deter Rosemary from saying,—

"Well, Daisy, you know, wherever we go to school, we go to learn."

"Yes, you do, I know, Rosemary," said Daisy, "but you and I are not a bit alike; but I love you just the same, dearie!" and the impulsive Daisy showed that her heart was not quite given over, as she would have others believe, to folly. Forgetting the wet bathing-suit which she held by a shawl-strap, oblivious to her cousin Harold's presence, she threw her arms around Rosemary's neck in close embrace, and kissed her fondly. "Now, Rosemary," said Daisy, "you will write to me this winter, won't you? Think of me in my loneliness, with no companion but a Beulah

Scilley to confide in. Send me a word now and then, or even a little flower, to tell me what you are doing, and that you still keep on loving me."

"That is just what I will do, Daisy," replied Rosemary. "Yes, I will send you a flower, and you must answer me by the same kind of a messenger — remember."

"Agreed!" said Daisy. "We will talk nothing but sweet words for the next six months; but, oh, dear! what shall I send to tell you that I am in disgrace, Rosemary?" and Daisy's face seemed to forebode mischief.

"Oh, some little faded flower," replied Rosemary.

"Yes," said Daisy, and she stooped to gather a bit of marjoram from a neighbor's garden; "I will send you this. Had I best put it to press now in anticipation? It means blushes, and, however mischievous I am, I shall blush to have to send such a messenger to you of all others, if the time comes for it." And Daisy closed the flower in the leaves of the book she carried.

Thus the young girls talked on, seemingly forgetful of their boy companion in the rear, who, feeling himself already out of place in such confidences, was only too glad to be joined by

one of his schoolmates; and the two boys started back to the beach "to whistle for a breeze," with which to pilot the "Undine" back to town. The last heard of them by the girls, Harold was saying to Richard Bunker, "Girls are funny things, Dick. Always seem to have so much of importance going on; getting their heads together like Siamese twins, and whispering and giggling, as if they were half silly. I am glad that I am not a girl. Boys suit me better, Dick."

"Are you going to Susan Coffin's lookout party this afternoon, Daisy?" asked Rosemary, as they neared home.

"Oh, yes," replied Daisy; "this is my last holiday for a whole year, perhaps, for soon I must work, work, work." And Daisy made an effort to look solemn over the prospect, but the merry twinkle in her eye and the bewitching smile on her roguish face asserted themselves, as the words fell from her rosy lips.

With a mutual "Good-bye; I will meet you on the lookout," the girls parted.

The lookout! When first the little island town began to be heralded as a fashionable summer resort, old heads nodded disapproval, but young hearts beat high at the prospect of

new interests that would be infused into their summer life.

"That ever I should live to see an engine running through our streets!" said Mrs. Sarah Valentine, with a long-drawn sigh, that might have easily been interpreted into a bemoaning over the disastrous fate that threatened her island home.

"When did you ever see one running, mother?" asked her daughter Phœbe Ann, who was oftener called Phœbe A. by her relatives and friends. "I am sure it is very moderate in its pace,—and such an accommodation to every one! Why, only the other day Joe Wilkins was driving his cows home, and the train waited until every one of them not only passed, but even waited for two or three to nibble the caraway tops between the tracks."

"Well, well, Phœbe, something will come of all such innovations. You will hear of some terrible accident some day happening from that same accommodating engine," said Mrs. Valentine, in a tone of irony, and indicating that her prophecy was even then nearing fulfilment. "No, I am quite satisfied to jog on to the end of the journey after old Jack, provided, of course,

that he does not get run over by your accommodation train before then. No, this place never was intended for a fashion resort, Phœbe."

"Perhaps not, mother," said Phœbe; "but it will always be a health resort; and I say 'Open sesame,' to all the broken-down nerves. 'We will share our ozone with you. Come and bathe in our waters of Babylon.'"

"That is all very well, Phœbe, if it was only the sick that came down here; but the town is just being besieged by a lot of strangers, who almost walk into your very kitchen to ask if your stew-pan once belonged to Bartholomew Gosnold, or your grandmother. Why, only the other day, two ladies — well-dressed ladies, mind you! — came to see if I would sell the brass knocker on our front door. The *i*-dea! They 'liked it so much,' they said. So did I! and I told them so, too, and that no money could buy it from me, for it was sacred to me, because of the hands of angels that had clasped it. You should have seen them, Phœbe. They looked at me as if they feared I was a Salem witch or a Spiritualist medium, or some kind of an hypnotist, and they would come under the spell. The last I heard of them, one said to the other,

'What an impudent old woman she was!' Now I ask you, Phœbe, which was the saucier, they or I? Were they in search of health, think you? No, they were looking after antiquities, for some new Colonial house, probably; and these lovers of antiques forget their manners sometimes. And I don't pity the Hon. Mrs. Newrich if she did get cheated, and paid a foolish price for a piece of willow ware that she could buy in any china store for a song; but after I 'm dead, Phœbe, whoever takes that knocker off that door will be obliged to wear it hung around his or her neck, night and day, that it may call attention to their foolishness, for not letting things stay where they belong, — at least, I am going to make a codicil in my will to that effect. So, hands off! Phœbe, unless you want to go around like Dan Pitman's vicious cow, with a yoke about your neck marked 'of-ficious!'"

"Oh, mother dear," replied Phœbe, "have n't I always respected your wishes? And should that terrible hour of loneliness come to me, even your slightest request would be to me sacred, be sure of that!"

"Yes, I know, daughter, I can trust you," replied Mrs. Valentine; "and I promise you that

I won't add the codicil, if only to show my confidence in you. But," continued she, "I was talking about fashion's ways, and I notice that some are falling into them so fast down here that I could not keep up in the race if I wanted to. It is getting to be very easy to talk about lawn parties, and such like fol-de-rol. Bless me! where are there any lawns on this island, outside of that in front of the old North Church, I ask you? Look out that window, Phoebe, and see if that beautiful beach, and that pretty, picturesque little harbor, are not quite enough to be proud of, without trying to make out of a little back yard covered with burdock leaves a fashionable, up-to-date lawn. And, by the way, is not this the day fixed for Mrs. Coffin's lookout party, Phœbe-Ann?"

"Yes mother," replied Phœbe. "It is to be this afternoon at three o'clock. Will you go?"

"Lookout party!" said Mrs. Valentine, in disdainful sarcasm. "In my day, we called them 'walks.'"

"Walks," repeated Phœbe. "Why, I think 'lookout' is one improvement of fashion, to say the least, for surely 'lookout' is much more appropriate; for is not there everything to see *as*

you walk?" and the mother's pride reflected itself in Phœbe's radiant face. Pride in the same picturesque harbor; pride in the long stretch of sandy beach beyond, where sometimes the ocean laid undue claim when the great storms came; and, more especially, pride in the little town itself, which, on the landscape, looked like a white city of rest.

"But tell me, mother dear," asked Phœbe, "did you watch for father's ships up on our walk? and how did you feel when you saw them off the bar? Didn't you feel like singing, —

"Oh that I had wings like a dove!"

but there, mother dear," said Phœbe, as she heard a significant sigh from the former, "it was thoughtless in me; I forgot that last night's-watch-on-the-walk of yours. Forgive me, mother dear, and let us talk of something else. What shall it be?"

"No," replied Mrs. Valentine, "I wish to tell you the story, for I have long wanted to do so; so that when others ask you if your father was a sailor, you can answer with truth, that he was, and a brave one, too. Each year of late, I have wanted to tell you of my last night-on-the-walk."

As the words fell slowly from the woman's lips, only a faint idea could be gained of the struggle that was going on in her heart, for she had nerved herself up for the recitation of the sad chapter in her story of life, and determination was apparent.

Phœbe sat beside her mother, and as each detail of the story fell from the lips of the latter, a tighter clasp of the hand was the one telegraph sign of sympathy between the mother and daughter.

"Yes, Phœbe," began Mrs. Valentine; "sea captains and sailors are not mere automatons to handle a ship's crew or a marlinspike. They are heroes, the bravest of brave men! — But let me commence.

"It was to be your father's third voyage, and he had been a landsman for almost three years, — a long time for a sailor on shore, — and I quite agreed with him, it would be an honor to go out in command of a great whaling ship like the 'Leviathan.' (Ah, there were many such went out from this harbor then! and a girl who had not a sailor lover in those days was looked upon almost as an object of pity.)

"Well, one morning in early September, your

father came in here, — yes, here, into this very room where we are sitting now, Phœbe, — only you and I; only the two of us, just as to-day;" and Mrs. Valentine for the moment seemed lost in reminiscence, then continued, "But you, Phœbe, — you were a wee one then, and the fever was on you; and when I heard your father's firm step in the hall, my silent prayer of thanks to God went up, that he was at home to bear the burden of anxious days and sleepless nights with me, for, I thought, how ever could I bear it alone and you so frail and helpless!

"But no sooner had I taken this comfort to my heart, than your father said, 'Well, mother, and how is little Phœbe, do you think? Did the doctor say the crisis was passed?' he asked; and he bent over your little face, hidden deep in my arms, — for I had held you all through the long nights, as well as days.

"'Yes, father,' I said; 'the doctor thinks that now, with good nursing and constant watching, baby will live and grow up to be a comfort in our old age;' and, thanks be to God, Phœbe!" said Mrs. Valentine, as she looked with pride into the face of the womanly

woman by her side, "you have lived all these years, and for almost forty years you have been my only comfort."

Another tighter clasp of the two hands, and Mrs. Valentine continued, "'Well, wife,' said your father, 'I have a surprise for you! Be prepared. What do you think could be the best thing to happen, now that baby is getting better?'

"I thought a minute, daughter, or seemed as if thinking, for I knew well what was coming, and only stole the minute to gain time for my answer; but my pulse quickened, and I thought my heart would tire out and stop from palpitation, it throbbed so. Then I replied as courageously as I knew how (oh, we women on this island in those days had to be steeled to brave words and deeds!), 'Why, the best thing that could happen to you, husband, is to have a ship to command, of course!'

"'Yes, wife,' replied he. 'The owners of the "Leviathan" have asked me to command her: and you shall be known no more as a first mate's wife, but as Mrs. Valentine, the wife of Captain Valentine, in command of one of the greatest whaling ships that ever sailed out of

this harbor. So cheer up, Sarah; cheer up, and think what glory it will be to come home with two thousand and more barrels of sperm oil. Won't that be oil on the troubled waters?' he asked, and his face seemed to grow radiant at the prospect.

"Ah, the 'troubled waters' of my soul needed other solace; but I could not dash such hopes and such prospects indifferently aside, and so, when the 'Leviathan' sailed out one morning from this harbor, you and I, Phœbe, went down to the shore to see the great whaling ship start out on her last voyage, and it was your little hand that tossed the last kiss to him, who — never — came — back."

A sigh, and another significant tighter clasp of the hands!

"Well," continued Mrs. Valentine, "father and mother took us right over to their house that very day, and there we stayed for a while; and then — then we came back here, Phœbe, and here we have lived alone, ever since."

"Not alone, mother," interrupted Phœbe; "for somehow, when I look up at that old-fashioned portrait on the wall, and look into father's dear face, I sometimes think that he

is here with us, in spirit, at least. But go on, mother dear, I must hear it all; and then we will never speak of it again, if it pains you."

"My daughter," replied the widow, "I have wanted to tell you this for a long, long time. It is your right to hear of your father's bravery, from — an eye-witness." As these last words fell slowly from the mother's lips, it seemed as if a new inspiration came with the memory of that last night-on-the-walk.

"Well," she continued, "one year, two years — yes, three years — went by, and news came sparingly. Now, it would be by some ship who had spoken the 'Leviathan' off in the deep waters; but I was grateful for news of his safety. Again, it would be from the columns of some daily paper, telling of the number of barrels of oil already in her cargo. For that, too, I was grateful; for then I knew of his success and safety, too. Then, when letters came in your father's familiar handwriting, even though there was the doubt of months between the writing and my receipt of them, then I was happy; and, Phœbe, although you were too young to understand much that he wrote, I always went into our bedroom, and closed the

door behind me, as if the moment was too sacred for intruders. (Oh, I know sailors' wives were not supposed to be romantic! but — were we not schooled in romance?)

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Valentine, "I would shut myself up in that room alone with you, and his silent presence; and as I held you in my lap, I would read aloud his words to you, Phœbe, and your great blue eyes would open wider and wider in astonishment as I read, as if wondering what a father was; and when the big kiss at the end was marked in love's hieroglyphics, I would give it to you, and you would say in your baby talk, and pinch my cheeks to give me a sailor's kiss, 'Send 'is one to papa, by the wind, mamma.'

"Alas, I never told you that I did not know what wind to send it by, for all winds, both foul and fair, blew over the 'Leviathan's' decks.

"Well, at last, news came that the 'Leviathan' was on her homeward way. It had been almost three years and a half since she sailed so proudly out of our quiet harbor, with the 'bravos' of the townspeople, and their 'God speed' as a blessing. You were still little else than a baby, Phœbe, trotting about the house,

and prattling in your baby way about your 'new papa' that was 'coming way — way — over the water;' but you were then, as now, my comfort in my loneliness.

"It was the middle of March. All night long the winds shook our little home, here, with the fury of the gale. I could hear the ocean waves beating mercilessly on shore. The fish-houses and the time-worn wharves were only sweet morsels for the hungry waters to feed upon.

"I could not sleep, so I dressed me, ready for any emergency that might come, I thought; but was I quite ready? You shall decide, Phœbe, when you have heard of my night-on-the-walk,— my last one, for I have never placed my foot upon its sacred boards, since.

"I could not sleep, as I said. I bent over your crib many times, my daughter, during that fearful night of storm, as if to assure myself that it had not spent itself upon your innocent head, and taken you from me; but you slept on, unmindful of it all, and your mother's coming sorrow; unmindful of your unknown loss. And I kept watch alone.

"As the daylight dawned, I muffled myself up, and crept above stairs. As I opened the

trapdoor leading to the walk, the icy sleet struck me in the face, and drove me into shelter; and as I turned back, I knelt, and prayed, as I never prayed before, for those 'who go down to the sea in ships.'

"What was it, I thought, that seemed so ominous to me? — that sad foreboding at my heart? I could not tell, but was impelled by some unknown cause to look again out upon the night, into which the trace of daylight was, like myself, trying to pierce.

"Again I ventured to open the trapdoor leading to the walk, and threw it back, with a determination that nothing should prevent me from knowing the worst of this terrible storm. Again, the rain and snow and sleet beat, as mercilessly as ever, upon my young head. I could see our people running towards the wharf. Some commotion was bestirring our island family. Was a ship in? I asked. Was *my* ship in? I asked myself again. But no, that could not be, for no boy had as yet raised our brass knocker on the door, to claim his shining silver dollar from the wife of the captain of the 'Leviathan.' I remember well the great comfort that came with that hope (as great as false, alas, daugh-

ter!) and again I thought of the ship 'Leviathan' itself, and how well it deserved its name. Nothing could harm that grand ship, I said to myself.

"But I saw men, boys, — yes, and even women, — running our streets! Reaching out for the spyglass, which always hung just inside the door, I grasped it as tightly as my trembling hands would allow. I thought I heard your baby voice calling, 'Mamma! Papa!' but I had already levelled the glass, and I was powerless to answer you, for another's voice beyond, over the waters, seemed calling to me above the winds.

"Of course it was only my imagination, daughter; but I love still to think I heard your father's brave voice calling from out his peril, 'Courage! Courage!' True, he might have been saying it to his crew, for he was always so brave; but I like to feel that it was his dying message to me, 'Courage!' and to this day, whenever trouble or perplexities come, Phœbe, I hear that helpful message of his, 'Courage!' and take heart.

"Well, to return," said the brave woman, "I levelled the glass again and again, and again and

again, the rain almost froze upon it, and I could hardly make out — but I did — a ship off the bar. There was but one ship for me, thought I, and yet, in such a storm, all ships needed my prayers.

"Yes, there she was, helpless even in her great strength. I saw a flag flying from her masthead, but only a remnant of a flag it proved; for the fury of the wind had played sad havoc with the 'star-spangled banner,' and that other, the ship's flag, too.

"There I stood, alone, and faced the storm — and my future, Phœbe; for, by the brighter light of the morning, which only intensified my night of sorrow, I saw — my — ship — come — in. Signals of distress were hoisted. Signals, guns, and lights appealed to the crowd on shore and the lonely watcher on the walk. All in vain! for in such a furious gale life-lines, lifeboats, all would have been useless, and only made other widows and other orphans in this island family.

"How long I stood there I never realized; but through the frosted glass I saw the ship, — his ship, — as if in the last throes of her death-struggle, rise on a stormy wave, as if making one last effort to be saved from destruction, and

then down — down — down — she sank, and only the top of her mizzen-mast was visible; and the sighing of the gale through her torn flags marked the grave of the 'Leviathan' and her gallant crew. And on the winds came that message to my widow's heart of the life sacrifice of her captain, and told me too that my watch was over; and I knew no more, and no one ever told me more, for I seemed to know it all in my waking dreams and the delirium of fever that followed.

"And it was on such a night as that, Phœbe, that the 'Leviathan' and her brave captain and crew perished within sight of home, — he, your father, almost within sound of your baby voice, calling him to you."

The squeeze of the hand was not so apparent this time, for Phœbe buried her face in her mother's lap, saying, "My brave, brave mother!"

"Yes," replied the widow, who had thus told the story of her life with unusual dramatic power; "but I have been sustained through all these years by that last message of your father's, — imaginary, if you say so, — telling me always to have 'Courage! Courage!' And I have tried to be brave as he was in his hour of peril, and as

I know he would have me to be; but sometimes bravery has a great price upon it." And the widow's face bore the marks of her struggle for the victory.

So was told the story of that last night-on-the-walk, — a story of repetition in the hearts of many of the women in that little island town to-day.

So it was told; — and at its conclusion Mrs. Valentine said, "Come, come, daughter; this will never do! Tears, Phœbe? What! tears, like these, from a hero's daughter? Let us always remember we have his inheritance to live up to, and that we are both brave women. And know, that to some 'a night on the walk' is, in these later days of fashion, only a pleasure day 'on the lookout,' and you may as well join the procession that moves on towards Susan Coffin's 'lookout party,' for you promised Mrs. Coffin, you know, that you would certainly help in serving refreshments to the young people. So go before you are too late to be of service."

"Must I go, mother?" asked Phœbe. "I can never again step foot on a walk. It is from this time a sacred spot to me. But you are right; I promised to help Martha, and so I will; but I

must leave to some one else any assistance at entertaining on the 'lookout,' as the invitation reads. Good-bye, mother dear; until now my father was a stranger to me, but to-day I know him as a good, brave man, a hero! Good-bye."

And with this parting message repeated again Phœbe Valentine went her way. But it was quite a different story from the one to which she had just listened, that Phœbe overheard when she arrived at Mrs. Coffin's, where the "lookout party" was at its height of fashion and enjoyment; for old Captain Howland, Mrs. Coffin's father, a rough old fellow, whose rheumatism would not allow him to climb to the walk, sat ensconced in the front hall, surrounded by a bevy of boys who stood agape at the wonderful stories of the sea with which the old salt was amusing his audience.

"No, I can't climb up to the cross-trees any more, boys," said the old captain, as a twinge of lumbago emphasized the truth of his words; "but once, I can tell you, I was as nimble as any of you. Whew!" and the old man gave a whistle that must have been heard even up on the lookout, where some of the young people were "taking observations." "Why, the way I

once climbed those masts was a caution, boys!" said the captain, in pride. "Tell yer a whale story?" he repeated, as one of his audience asked for "a true whale story." "Dunno as I can remember one. That was a long time ago, boys, when I used to go a-whaling, with some of your grandfathers," said the old man; "and we did n't make half the fuss that these fashionable city chaps make to-day, when they go a-blue-fishing down here, with their oilskin suits and sech fixin's. Little we cared whether we had a lunch by us or not. Some days we forgot all about eating. Fact was, sailing and striking a sperm whale was meat and drink for us, and we made merry over our luck, — had a jollification, I can tell you, boys; but don't ask me how." And the expression upon the old man's face betokened a knowledge to be kept secret.

"Well, a whale story, is it, you ask for, boys? Let me see. Here it is, boys!" and the old weather-beaten, storm-tossed sailor, who had rounded Cape Horn a dozen times or more, — in short, explored almost every corner of the known globe, — commenced: —

"It was about the year 18—, and we had been out months and never put eyes on a spout, when,

one day, — it was the second mate's watch on deck, — we heard the cry, 'There she blows!' and we shouted back to him, 'Where away?' 'Two points on our lee bow,' came back his answer to us.

"Talk about cool heads!" said the old captain. "Why, there was n't one aboard that old whaler! I hate to spoil a good story by saying so, boys; but the truth must be told, you know! Why, I had to just pull myself together, and make sure that I was captain of the whaleship 'Jonah.'

"Folks did n't want her named that, but her owners were determined on it. Said they would cure sailors of silly superstitions. — Never can!" said Captain Howland, in an aside. "Never can cure a sailor of superstition so long as Mother Carey's chickens have wings to fly with, and Davy Jones' locker has a door. They, the owners, said that if a whale did get hold of us, and attempt to swallow the ship, we 'd be just as lucky as Jonah was, and come to life again. So they defied superstition, and the sailors too, for I had mighty hard work to get a ship's crew, I can tell you. Seems as if when a sailor heard the ship's name he 'd no further use for her or me."

"And did you ever get eaten up by a whale?" asked one of the old captain's over-excited hearers.

"Did I ever get eaten up, lad?" asked Captain Howland, repeating the question of the boy. "No, not just. Ain't I all here? that is, all but the tip-ends o' those two fingers of mine, when I came pretty nigh making a meal for that fellow." And Captain Howland showed his hearers a rough, weather-beaten hand minus the ends of two of the fingers.

"Well, to go on: we watched for the flukes of that visitor two points on our lee bow, and then we saw him, and the boats were manned. Every man on board wanted to go, of course, but somebody had to be left to keep ship, boys, and take care of *her;* for my wife would insist upon going with me, that voyage, and knowing by observation what a whaling voyage was like. She found out before we got home, I can tell you, and she never asked afterwards to go to sea with me.

"Well, I picked out my men to go with me to look for Jonah's enemy, though I hoped to convert him into a friend to my Jonah. Yes, of course I went, for I made up my mind if there

was going to be any fun, I should be in it. You see I wanted my share of fun, and oil too."

"How do you get the oil, captain?" asked one of his hearers.

"Oh, that's a long story, boys; but you come over to my house, some day, and I'll tell you all the mysteries of harpooning and lancing and cutting in. This is no place to tell it, with all these young ladies about in their frills and furbelows. Might get some oil on their bright ribbons, you know," said the old captain, facetiously. "But I want to tell you about those two missing finger-tips, and then I'm done for to-day.

"You see," continued the old sailor, "when a whale goes down into the ocean, after he has sighted trouble ahead, on *his* lee bow, you have to keep run of the spot he chooses for his door of escape, — sort o' mark it, with a tablet like; a tablet in your memory, boys, — but look out for it, and mark it, 'Dangerous!'

"Well, this fellow was a treacherous old un. I suspicion he'd felt the prick of a harpoon before, and knew it all. 'T any rate, he proved too wise for some of us; for when his jaws opened, seemed like we saw eternity in the

cavern, and when he closed 'em, — well, eternity seemed right next door! Ugh! I can hear that crunching of his jaws now, just as when he took my boat, and me, too, between his ivories; and while I did n't stay in the whale nigh so long as Jonah did, I had as long an acquaintance with him as I wanted, and one I sha'n't soon forget. Bless my stars! — unlucky ones, boys, I can tell you, they were, — if I 'd 'a' had this rheumatiz of mine then, I 'd 'a' lost more 'n two finger-tips, boys; but he got 'em! and we parted company."

By this time his hearers had become almost as excited as the old captain himself; and another boy, more anxious for information than the first one, asked, "What did you think of, captain, when you was in the whale's mouth?"

"What did I think of? I thought he 'd make a hunderd barrels!" replied Captain Howland, to whom the rehearsal of his life at sea had been equally inspiring as to his youthful hearers, who joined in a hearty laugh at the old man's ruling passion, strong even in the presence of death; and the heroic old captain arose from his chair, followed by three hearty cheers from his audience, for "Captain Howland and his

friend Jonah!" leaving the young people to find their way to the refreshment room; and the "lookout party" at its close was voted a success, despite the associations with its less fashionable name of "walk."

As Rosemary and Daisy went their way home, the setting sun reminded them both that not only was the day ending, but that their summer would soon pass, and be but a memory, even though August winds were still blowing over the sea-girt island, that had been to them a happy, happy home for many happy, happy summers. Both of the young girls seemed as if thinking of the coming parting, which would only too soon sunder the summer ties of friendship: its shadow seemed intruding itself to mar the happiness of the afternoon hour of pleasure; and the girls for a time were silent, but the waves on the beach still kept creeping nearer and nearer to them, as they did in those other days of childhood, when they bared their feet to the ocean's kisses, and laughed in glee over the ruin of their pretty frocks.

Rosemary it was, who broke the silence, saying, "Now, you will not forget your promise, Daisy, to send me a flower now and then, will

you? You know flowers can talk, even though their messages are not always as sweet as their fragrance."

"No," replied Daisy; "I shall not forget my promise, Rosemary. Have no fear of that; but I cannot yet keep from wondering what will be quite the right messenger to send when the preceptress shall whisper in my ear that fatal word 'Expelled;'" and Daisy made an effort to be tragic, but she was no queen of tragedy, as was easily seen by a look into her roguish face, for comedy was seemingly more to the taste and disposition of the sunny, merry-hearted girl, who did not really mean the half she said, certainly not in its worst interpretation.

"Oh, Daisy dear," said Rosemary, "I shall be so sorry to get that flower. Think of me, dearie, and you will never send me that thorn out of your flower-garden, — that faded bit of marjoram."

. . . . . .

And the day of parting came.

The hour for starting was an early one. The steamer lay at her dock in the haze of a summer morning. Her bell sounded its note of warning. The baggage wagons rattled over the cobble-

stones, as if threatening total annihilation of man, beast, and baggage. The wharf was in possession of a good-natured crowd; the browned faces of the majority telling, more emphatically than words ever could, of holiday pleasures. The loaded trucks of baggage were rushed aboard the steamer, no discrimination being made between the Saratoga of the summer belle and the insignificant piece of luggage, securely, if not artistically, bound by a hemp rope by its owner, who had served her apprenticeship at the fashionable summer hostelries of the island. Little groups of people gathered here and there about *their* particular passenger to go on the morning boat, and for whom they had sacrificed that last nap, that they might wish a "God speed" to carry them safely to "the haven where they would be."

At last, just as the final warning bell was sounding, came Daisy Wilder, with a covered bird-cage in one hand, and guiding by a string, in her other, Dandy, her Boston terrier; her hurried walk, which might better be called a run, threatening to upset Dick, the canary, in his cage, or to strangle little Dandy, whose feet were guided more by his inclinations to remain

on shore than to respond to the drawing of the string fastened to his collar.

Following Daisy, came "mistress" — Mrs. Wilder, Daisy's mother — and "maid;" the latter trying, almost in vain, to hold in place the cover of a basket, against which Tom, the house cat, was using all his strength, and keeping himself constantly in the mind of his attendant, Kate Sullivan, by continual piteous cries, which, with the barking of Dandy and the shrill screeching of Polly, under Harold Macy's care, made a noisy jargon of discords that waited for no encore from the assembled company gathered to bid "good-bye" to their vanishing bit of sunshine, — their loved companion, Daisy Wilder.

"Here comes the Zoo!" called the latter, as she hurriedly put her pets in charge of the stewardess, and then ran ashore for just one last word with her young friends, who could not find words enough in which to express the loneliness that would be in their hearts after her departure. "Well," said Daisy, "is not it better for me to go away now, than stay, perhaps to wear my welcome out, and part as — strangers?" and as Daisy repeated the last

word, she looked towards her cousin, Harold Macy; and, pointing her finger as if in warning, she said to the latter the one word, "Remember!" which must have had the desired effect, for he was never again known to speak the tabooed word in connection with his cousin Daisy.

Adieus were said, promises made, sealed by a kiss all around; and as Daisy stepped aboard the gangway plank, she placed in Rosemary McBurnie's hand a ball of strong twine, saying, "Take it, Rosemary, and let go fast." Then getting in position, on the stern end of the steamer, Daisy watched her friend on shore (who had, by the way, mounted on the tall piles that helped to support the wharf), unwinding — unwinding — and unwinding — the cord which bound, but separated, the two young hearts; and the steamer started out on its daily journey.

Oh, for the sincerity always of those friendships of Youth, before the world has blighted the leaves of the roses, and planted its thorns of prejudice and distrust in our path. Live on, happy Youth! live on in your friendships of To-day! and trample out the weeds that

threaten destruction to every garden whose seeds are not sown in the true spirit; for weeds of discord can never grow where sincerity of heart and purpose bid defiance to such intruders.

Slowly, at first, the steamer went on its way, and slowly the cord unwound. Still Daisy sat at her post in the stern of the boat, winding the loose cord, that Rosemary, on shore, was unloosing — unwinding — and winding — winding — and unwinding. So they sat in the one mood of thought; and just as the steamer was about to round the Point, Daisy wound in her last length, and there fell at Rosemary's feet a tiny box, from which dropped in all its sweet significance a

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget-Me-Not.
Enduring Memories.

'T is a little flower in raiment blue :
It speaks to me, and it speaks to you ;
Its voice is Love, and its message true, —
" Forget-Me-Not."

It may be that He — ah ! who can say ? —
Let fall a star, to beckon the way
To the heart of Man, and bade it say, —
" Forget-Me-Not."

The little flower has a dress of blue,
As blue as the sky the stars shine through ;
Like a star it hides, and cries, " Peep-Boo ! —
Forget-Me-Not."

With His holy blessing for its claim,
Its life is crowned. It seeks not fame.
Only your love. — Do you ask its name ?
Forget-Me-Not.

GRACE LE BARON.

SEA REMINISCENCES
Pansy Thoughts of Thee
K.P.

II.

SEA REMINISCENCES.

PANSY. THOUGHTS OF THEE.

A WILD unrest seemed to overshadow Rosemary's usual happy summer life. The very ocean, she fancied, partook of her loneliness; for a storm followed closely upon Daisy's departure, and the waves beating upon the beach only responded to Rosemary's sorrowful heart. She even felt that the rain was but the sky mingling its tears with hers. Only the flower-garden smiled, as before, to her, in all its wealth of color and harmony; and Rosemary, as she watched lovingly over the pretty flowers, bestowed upon them an unusual care, now that they were to serve as messengers of love to her absent friend.

The Wilder cottage, with its closed shutters, seemed symbolical of the loneliness that filled Rosemary's heart; and it was in vain that she tried to comfort herself with the thought that soon she too would be in the work-a-day world

of school-life, with her chosen companions of school-days, — her books.

The little forget-me-not was still speaking, in all its freshness and delicate beauty, of the absent one; for Rosemary had nursed it with greatest care for many days, that it might bring her the comforting memories of happy hours with Daisy Wilder.

"Mamma," said Rosemary, "I never knew such a long summer; and it promised to be such a happy one, too! Is it not always the way? Does it not seem that when you just get to enjoying yourself, something comes to make you miserable and unhappy?"

"Quite right; so it seems to us, until we know His wisdom, Rosemary," replied Mrs. McBurnie. "And it is so all through life. Only yesterday I sat under the window, and heard two old sea captains bemoaning the loss of one of their craft, evidently. Said one, 'That's just it, cap'n; just when a man gets fixed, and ready to live, he ups and dies.' And I thought it was pretty true. But, pray, what is the matter now, Rosemary? Is it because Daisy has left you to try to live one month more of summer without her that you forget

the two happy months with her? That must not be. Each day has its jewel, set in a garniture of happiness and content."

"I am afraid that you have guessed rightly, mother; but I am going to count my jewels as you suggest," replied Rosemary.

"Yes," interrupted her mother; "and do not be looking for the flaws, or a larger Kohinoor in your neighbor's world."

"I am glad, mamma, for one thing, and that is that the summer is going out in a blaze of glory, with the picnic, on Wednesday the twenty-ninth, and then home, — our other home, I mean. I shall write to Daisy after the picnic; that is, the Goddess Flora will be my private secretary. Hers is a cipher language."

"And what little flower is to have its headpiece cropped for a messenger to hoydenish little Daisy?" asked Mrs. McBurnie. "Has she gone to her school, I wonder, Rosemary? Poor girl! if only she comes under the right influence in her school-life, she will develop into a noble woman. Hers is a nature that love and not law can make much of. Only find the right key to her loving heart, and her

head and feet will be always turned in the right direction; but I tremble for such a girl, for much will depend upon the one who has the moulding of her youthful mind. I wonder that Mrs. Wilder sent her away from her watchful eye. Where is she going to school, Rosemary?"

"I do not know, mamma," said Rosemary, in reply. "I met her cousin, Harold Macy, at the Cliff; and he said that Daisy wrote his mother that she would soon be starting for the battlefield,—to slaughter, but not to conquer. Just like her, the little witch! I am afraid that it will not be long before we hear of her in some mischief; but there is one thing, mamma, Daisy is very honest and straightforward. She will never see another suffer for her shortcomings, but confess her naughtiness; and such girls always get imposed upon by others, who are only too glad to make them a target for everything. No; Daisy has not a particle of deceit in her make-up."

Loyal little friend! Your words have the true ring.

Rosemary McBurnie was right. Daisy Wilder had not a trace of deceit in her character. Mis-

chief was to her, not a crime to be bemoaned, but an overflow of spirit that must have vent. Her heart was in its right place, although her head planned much that led her feet in dangerous ways; and Mrs. McBurnie was right in affirming that "love, and not law," would be her most successful guide.

And the days of summer passed.

The last holiday of the season was to be brightened by a trip to see the new little island that old Ocean had given to the mother island, when it washed over the rushes and added another of nature's jewels in the little harbor's crown of beauty.

The holiday trip was to be a true picnic of pleasure on the water; but a picnic on the water has more hindrances to its success than one on shore; where, if winds blow, or do not blow, it is quite the same, under the sheltering shade of the pine-trees of a country forest.

There was, then, much in this last holiday picnic to be desired, in order that the little party should enjoy without fear of disaster or disappointment. But fears of too high winds were groundless, for, when the morning came for the picnic, the harbor was as smooth as a mill-pond;

but, alas! here, too, was something undesirable, for a sail was a sail, and a sail and a calm were enemies. There was much consultation over the winds to be, and the winds that were not.

Finally, old Captain Wyer was consulted. He was an oracle on all nautical matters, but, like most of the captains of the island, rarely gave a definite answer; so that when he said, "No wind now, that's sure," every one knew that. And when he added, "Should n't wonder if it breezed up before night; it might, and then, again, it might n't," every one thought so too.

Fortunately, time was of no particular value to the party of picnickers, and old Boreas held the scales of measurement. The party gathered, one by one, at the boat's landing; and since there was only a "white ash breeze" in favor of going, they all sought shelter from the hot sun under cover of an old boat-house on the wharf near by, where they could watch the little white fleet in the harbor, — all, like themselves, waiting for a moment's warning, when they might "up anchor," and start.

In the old boat-house sat three old sailors, exchanging "yarns," and the young people gathered about the trio to share in their stories.

One of them had long bushy eyebrows, and a wealth of eyelashes, which might easily have been held responsible for his loss of sight, had not cataracts come with his old age, to shut from him the light of day. He had, however, one boast, and that was, of his hearing; and he would often assert that he could hear the bell buoy off the bar some miles away, and by it tell the way o' the wind.

The second sailor always sat with his elbow on his knee, and with his left hand up to his ear, telling every one that he was just "a leetle hard of hearing," — which was quite true, since it was doubtful if anything short of a cannon, touched off in closest proximity to his defective organ, would move him, or make him change his one position. Not to be outdone by his blind companion in boasting, he would say to any and all who failed to make him hear their voice, "Just let a whale come into this harbor, and I can see him miles out;" but a whale never came.

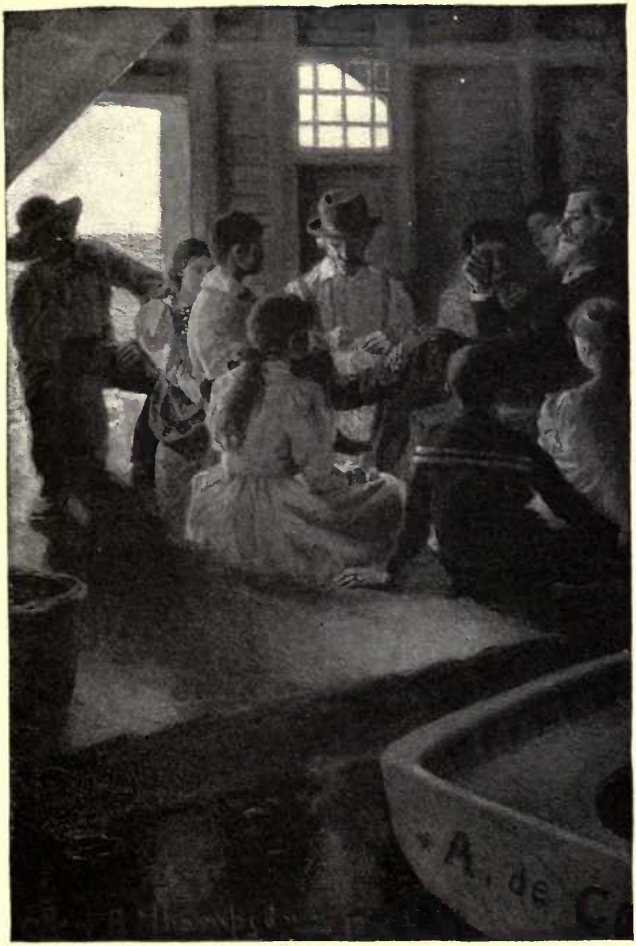
So it was that the third old sailor, once a sea captain, was the life of this party of three, for he could see and hear and talk; and although at times his stories did seem a bit incredible, yet

they had just enough flavor of truth in them to make them interesting.

The little party of young people gathered about him, and begged for just one story. "Just one, while we wait, captain, please," said one of the party; and the request was echoed by the others. So the old captain tipped back in his rickety old chair, laid his tarpaulin down beside him on the floor, and, stroking his long gray beard, seemed as if thinking of something with which to amuse his youthful hearers — and possibly to astonish them as well.

"Well, let me see, now," he commenced. "Guess you have all of you heerd about the wreck of the 'Jonah,' Captain Howland's ship, heerd how it went to bottom in the South Pacific. Then, no doubt, good many of you have heerd of the mutiny of the crew of the 'Lottie Ann;' so I'll tell you this story. Don't think you have ever heerd of the passenger we took aboard the 'Petrel,' have you?"

His hearers indicated by a ready shaking of heads that they had never heard about the mysterious stranger; and Captain Hussey commenced with his usual preface, "Now, this un is an out-and-out true story, mind you —"


A. de

But, to some of his hearers, these words did not convey much; for Captain Hussey, as before said, was not always correct in his discrimination between an out-and-out true story and a fabrication — in mild form.

"It was in the fall of 18—," said the captain, "and I was in command of her, — the 'Petrel,' I mean. She was a merchant trading ship, and — but she was a beauty, though! — as trig as these city girls in their ship's togs, down here! One day I got a letter asking me if I would take a passenger on the 'Petrel,' — one who needed a long sail, 'to purify him!' Well, I thought that my two years' voyage would purify the worst case of dyspepsy ever known, so I commenced to correspond with the gentleman, and it was finally agreed upon that we should put into port at Charleston and take aboard our passenger.

"Well, I sorter expected our kid-gloved friend, whomsoever he was, would change his mind when he saw our craft and her crew; but I found out that he was built of different stuff.

"We set sail, and, as agreed, put into port at Charleston. We waited, too, as agreed, about five hours, and were just on the point of getting under way, when a stylish-looking car-

riage dashed down the wharf, and the first I ever heerd of him — my passenger — was his voice, close to my elbow, saying, in a 'don't you know' kind of a way, — you should have heard the twist he gave to 'Ship Ahoy!' The 'Petrel,' I told him, and 'we're off for the Sandwich Islands. Who are you, young man?' said I.

"I expected, you understand, to see a cadaverous old man with that look a dyspepsy fellow always has, that seems to say, 'Life may be worth living, but I have n't found it so yet!' Instead, there stood before me an up-to-date young man, wearing a long ulster that came down to his heels. Talk of checker-boards! why, the checks of that ulster (long topcoats or raglans, they called 'em then) would have made enough of such toys for all you folks. It had what they called wings, but, from the look of him, they were n't angels' wings. A marine glass was strapped over his shoulders, and he carried umbrellas and canes enough to stock up any travelling pedler. In short, he was a reg'lar up-to-date young man!

"His face was rosy, and he wore a mustache, waxed, mind you! — for if it had n't been, you would have needed to take observations to find

it. He looked as if dyspepsy was a nightmare he never even dreamed of.

"'I am going sailing with you and your gallant crew, captain,' said he.

"'You are, are you?' said I. 'Who said you might?'

"'You did, captain,' replied he; and, sure enough, he held out for me to read my own letters, that I had supposed I had been writing to a poor, suffering dyspeptic what wanted to be purified.

"I looked him all over, from that waxed mustache to the tip-end of his long coat, then I said, 'Oh, and so you are the gentleman that expects to be purified by a sea voyage. Why, you don't look as if you was suffering from anything, less it is good health.'

"'Oh,' he said, 'I am not sent on this journey for my health, Captain Hussey.'

"'What then?' said I.

"'Why, my father thinks my morals need purifying, I expect, and that this long sea voyage will give me a chance to come to my senses,' replied the young man.

"I do wish," said the old captain to his hearers, "I wish that landsmen would n't send

their ne'er-do-wells to sea to reform 'em. Sea captains are n't Sunday-school teachers; they don't ship for that.

"Then I said to my young man, by way of encouragement (you know what a sinner needs is encouragement to reform his ways; he does n't want to be told he is a sinner, for he knows that; we all know that. We are all sinners),— so I said to him, 'Why, you don't look like a half-bad fellow, my boy. What do you know about the sea?' I asked. 'Do you know enough not to lose your head when a hurricane comes? for with the first wind that blows you 'll have to close reef that mustache of yours.'

"The young man answered; 'No, captain, I don't know anything about a hurricane at sea; and I guess that I don't know much, anyway,' he added, and laughed in a good-natured manner; and so I thought I 'd agree with him, and take a little conceit out of him, if he had any, and I said, as good-naturedly, 'No, you don't look as if you do,' for all I could think of was a ship in full sail, head on, all trig, running into one of those South Pacific hurricanes unawares.

"But I could n't scare that young man one bit, for he looked me full in the eye, and said, in

an honest, straightforward way, 'But I can learn, captain,' and that one saying won me towards that boy then and there, I can tell you, folks.

"Many a night I 've sat watching over that boy when he slept (he was a little sick for a while, of course, that 's likely !), thinking, thinking, of my own lad, that was down here then, caring for his mother ; and I wondered if he was sent out alone, away from every one that belonged to him, with a strange company of men, how he 'd turn out ?

"But, there," said the old captain, as he put aside his red bandanna handkerchief, "I have n't got my passenger aboard ship yet, have I ? so let me go back in my story. As I said, I had confidence in that young man right away.

"Then he turned to the porter on the wharf and said, as if he 'd ordered all his life, 'Here, take my luggage aboard, John.'

"But I was a-keeping my weather eye out on that same luggage, too ! and when I saw the porter tipping, end over end, two suspicious-looking cases, and starting aft with 'em, I said to my young friend, 'Look a-here, young man ; no dynamite in 'em, is there ?' and I pointed the porter's way.

"'No,' answered he. 'No dynamite, captain; only a little something for this thirsty throat of mine;' and he kind o' laughed as he said it, as if he thought he 'd been smart.

"'Fire-water, I suppose,' said I, 'worse than dynamite! — for one makes a clean job, and kills instanter, and the other kills by degrees. First the legs totter, and then the hand gets shaky, and then away goes the head, and then' — and I looked at him as solemn as I knew how — 'then the heart stops beating, — and where are ye? No, no,' said I, firmly but kindly, 'I said I 'd take you with us; but I did n't guarantee to take any such dangerous friends of yours as these.'

"Then I turned to the porter and said, 'Put those in irons, to be called for on our return in two years' time!' And I put my hand on that boy's shoulder, and said, 'You are my boy now, and I will be to you as I would have another be to my lad at home.'

"He told me afterwards that was the first battle that he ever lost; and he owned up, at the same time, that it was the beginning of a glorious victory for him. He never even whimpered at my order, 'mark those to be called for in two years' time, when the "Petrel" comes back.'

But we never called for 'em, and, for all I know, they may be there now.

"Well," said the old captain, with a twinkle in his eye, "there are a few things age improves, — if it does make old men and women out of some of us.

"So, at last, we hoisted sail, and started off on our two years' voyage; and such a voyage! I 'll never forget it — nor will he."

"And what was his name, Captain Hussey?" asked one of the company.

"Oh, I 'm not giving you any riddle, young friends. This is an out-and-out true story, you know. Don't be too inquisitive, please," and with this gentle rebuke the old man evaded all further interference of the kind, and continued his story.

"Well, about that voyage. Let me tell you about it. It was the worst one ever fell to my lot in all my forty years' experience; but that boy — young man, I suppose I ought to call him! — what a comfort he was to me! There were hurricanes, and storms, and happenings enough on that two years' voyage to make a book. Let me tell you about one storm that came to us about off Cape Horn. It had been following us for days and days, but we hoped to run out of it.

No such luck for us, though! It came upon us, in all its fury, just about there.

"My boy and I, — I like to call him my boy now more than I did then, even; for then I had a son of my own," and the old man's voice had a tremolo in it. Some of his hearers knew of the loss of that boy of Captain Hussey's, and had often heard of the time when, after the battle of Fair Oaks, the name of George Hussey had led the list of the missing, and he was never more heard of.

"But there, there," said the old man, "this will never do; and you all want to hear about the voyage of the 'Petrel,' don't ye?"

A nodding of heads intimated that the interest of his audience was not waning, despite the old captain's digressions.

"Well, my boy and I had a good many long talks together, and I found out what kind of stuff he was made of, and that there was a lot of good in him. One day, I told him if a storm should come, we must face it like men, for there was no back door of escape at sea.

"And the storm came!

"It beat and blew as I never heard it before, and never want to again. Why, sometimes I

wish I was deaf, like old Dunham, here;" and he turned toward the latter, still propping up his left ear with the same commendable patience, although it was very doubtful if the captain's story was in the least understood. "Yes, I sometimes wish I was blind, even, like my old friend, Swain, yonder," and again he turned to his other companion, whose eyes were forever closed to the beauties of sea and land. "For, if I were deaf and blind, I could rid myself of the sound of that tempest, that I seem to hear even nowadays, and the sight of those waves, which haunt me still; for, ugh! how they bore us about, then, up and down, down and up, till we felt like a chip in a pail of water.

"We cut away the masts; we cleared away the hamper, and then just waited, for I told the crew that we had done all there was to be done. But that boy — well, there was no braver man aboard than he.

"Once he said to me, 'Well, captain, if we go to the bottom, we won't have to look about for the red lights of the fire escape nor hunt up a back door, for there is n't one, as you was saying,' — such pluck!

"But we were saved! and I often think of

the coolness of that boy. Why, he seemed to have an influence over the sailors, I never could account for; although one of them said afterwards to me,—

"'Captain, I did n't propose to be beat by that chit of a boy, and so I got braver with every wind that blew.'

"But we got home, safe and sound, as you see," concluded the captain.

"And the boy? the young man? what of him?" asked one of the interested company of listeners.

"What became of him?" repeated the captain. "Oh, he married in a few years; and I 've heerd say that he used often to tell his own boys the story of how he was purified by old Captain Shubael Hussey; but, bless you! he did his share.

"Once in a while, one of his sons comes down here in his handsome yacht, and drops anchor in our harbor, I 'm told; but of course he has n't any use for an old barnacle like me. But, bless my stars, now! if I don't see, this very minute, his yacht off there, opposite the Point, yonder. Why, it must have dropped anchor during the night,—and I doff my hat

to her for the sake of 'auld acquaintance.'" And the old man arose to his feet, and touched the rim of his weather-beaten tarpaulin as if in respectful salute to the new-comer in the harbor.

"And you may as well doff your hat to her captain, too, my good friend," said a young man of the waiting company.

"Ay, ay, sir, that I will," replied the old salt, "when I see him."

"Look at him now, then, sir," said the speaker; and Captain Hussey studied very attentively the young man, who stood with outstretched hand, waiting to grasp that other of his father's friend, of whom he had often heard.

"Then you've heerd that story before, I reckon, have n't you, young man?" said Captain Hussey, as he took the latter's hand, and shook it with a hearty will, that forcibly emphasized his words, "You are your father's own image, and I love him, and every one that belongs to him."

"Oh, yes," replied the young man. "I have heard that story time and time again, until Captain Shubael Hussey of the 'Petrel' has become the patron saint of our home. Here, here, captain, is a letter from that same 'boy,'

that I was told to deliver before night, to you. Father waits now for you aboard the 'Sea-Gull,' out yonder. He is not quite well, of late; but he was determined to come down here, if only to see you once more, he said. I am afraid it will be his last sea-voyage. Come, the tender waits, and my father is still more eagerly waiting for his old friend. Come."

"Why can't we start, too?" said Harold Macy, who was one of the merry party. "Is n't it breezing up, captain, just a bit?"

"Yes," said Captain Hussey; "there 's a cat's paw, sure enough. Should n't wonder if you had quite a breezé before long; but here 's hoping that you 'll never have such a wholesale one as promised to wreck the 'Petrel' and her mysterious passenger." And Captain Hussey prepared to follow in the steps of the young man, then turned again for "just a few last words."

"Young folks, I don't want you to go away thinking I did n't have any trouble with him at all. Why, that would be too much to expect. Oh, I often had to tell him that he would know more when he got older. You see, some boys have an idea it is manly to

do at twenty as their father did at forty. Think they know at twenty all that it took their father twice that time to learn by experience. While a girl — well, a girl at sixteen thinks she knows more then than she rarely ever comes to know at all! Your pardon, young folks," said Captain Hussey, in leaving; "but take an old sailor's advice, and learn to handle a jack-knife before you try your skill at a marlinspike."

With this parting injunction, the old man went down to the wharf where the "Sea Gull's" tender stood in waiting, with its white-capped crew, utterly forgetting, as he got aboard, the "crick in his back," of which he was always telling.

The young people, too, encouraged by their captain, who had waited for them all this time, began to stow themselves away on the deck of the trim little sailboat, whose white sails filled to catch every cat's paw of whatever size, large or small; and the holiday party were on their way, their musical voices floating over the water, to the tune of "Merrily we roll along."

To Rosemary, there was one voice of sweetest harmony missing, and Daisy Wilder, although

absent from her, was a close companion in her thoughts. But the day was by no means without its attendant pleasures. The dinner on shore, although primitive in its serving, was commendable for its appetizing menu. The walk on the beach, and the return sail home, all helped to make Rosemary's last day of summer a happy one.

The little garden-boat still held its fragrant treasures, and Rosemary walked about them with a last lingering look and the consciousness that the salvia and the marigold must bloom without her care and approving glance. She looked at them, as if to friends to whom she was bidding a last "good-bye" with the uncertainty of the future over them. Again, she studied her little garden, now thinking how best she could convey to Daisy Wilder the message which her own heart prompted, that she was never — nor would ever be — forgotten. Tenderly she fondled the blossoms, and as her eye discerned one fairer to her above all others, she took it from its hiding-place, and enclosed to her absent friend a

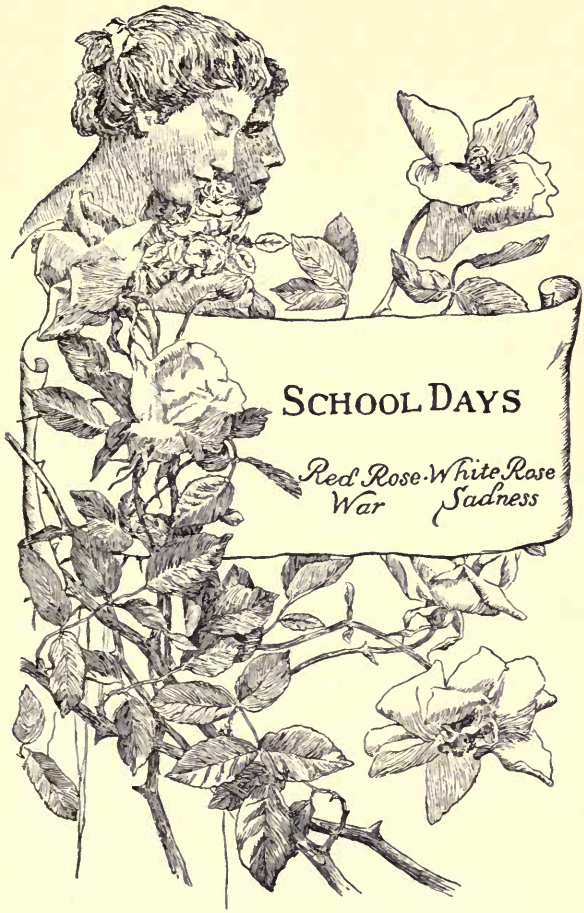
WHITE PANSY.

Pansy.

Tender Thought.

O little Pansy, white,
Go thou to her, and say
My thoughts are hers, all night
And all the livelong day!
Within thy velvet leaves,
Her very self I trace;
For Love, the Artist, weaves
Dear fancies round her face!

Grace Le Baron.


SCHOOL DAYS
Red Rose · White Rose
War
Sadness

III.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

RED ROSE — WHITE ROSE. WAR — SADNESS.

WHAT a host of memories cluster around that first night away from home! Does any girl ever forget that loneliness which came with it? — that conflict that was hers; that striving to be a woman when only a girl's heart beat in response to her resolutions, — and the tears would come!

Is there a boy but will ever remember that first visit to the old farm, off among the hills, and the time when he started away from home, full of the anticipated delight of the hayrack ride, or the fishing trip with his country cousins, feeling himself quite a little man; only to realize, when bedtime came, that an inexpressible something was tugging at his heart; and that there was, too, something missing from his holiday pleasure, because he could not tell mother or father of his new happiness, and "brother Jack" was not at his side, to make merry with.

Yes, even Daisy Wilder, the merry-hearted Daisy, was to have such a memory. Little she dreams it, though, now, as with a heart reconciled to study, she boards the train for Hillside, where she is to become a pupil of the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School."

Father and mother have come to the station, to see her started on her journey. Their solemnity does not seem to affect Daisy's usual gay spirits; for is she not in the "heyday of youth"?

"Good-bye, mamma! Good-bye, papa!" she calls from the car-window, and adds in a semi-dramatic voice, "Ye that have tears, prepare to shed them — to-morrow!"

And the train speeds on to its destination.

. . . . . .

"The Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School" was a thought evolved out of the brains of the two spinster sisters, in order that they might earn a livelihood, and at the same time secure for themselves the old homestead, which, when they first commenced their venture, was so heavily mortgaged that the villagers said that, "before long, even Abigail and Lucindy Bagley would have to become part and parcel of the goods and chattels of old Deacon Simpkins."

The homestead itself was an old Colonial house in truth, — not, as in the fashion of to-day, a *new* old Colonial house, but a genuine affair, whose pedigree was easily traced by its architecture alone, even did not tradition help to establish it. The spacious rooms would have made the so-called "Colonials" blush, in invidious comparison. Queer little cupboards, built into the wall, hid themselves in unseen places everywhere. The great hall, well deserving its name, ran the entire length of the old house, and, by the way, was the only feature of the past preserved in its entirety by the Misses Bagley, in planning for the future use of the old Bagley homestead, and its transformation into the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School."

When the sisters returned after long years to take up their abode where they had only until then spent their summers, the village folk wondered "what it all meant?" Then, recalling that their father, "Squire Bagley," as the townspeople called him, had, through reverses, died almost bankrupt, the curious came very near to the truth in their guessing, when they circulated the report that the sisters had come "to save the homestead from the hammer." But how?

The first move of the Bagleys was to make of the large square rooms on either side of the wide hall, recitation-rooms. Upstairs, the great bedrooms were divided into smaller ones, and the tall old clock in the hallway was soon sounding its curfew to the youthful occupants of these same little bedrooms; for, before the villagers had hardly time to set aright their thinking caps, "The Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School" became a reality, — a stern reality, it might be said; for whatever other virtues the sisters may have had, they were no more fitted to guide the youthful mind than they were to drive the plough.

So it is, often, that strength misdirected becomes a weakness, that not only destroys its own good intentions, but, as well, makes others to reflect its failure.

And it was to such a home of learning as this that Daisy Wilder was destined. She ensconced herself in the cars, with an air of resignation, it must be said, rather than one of anticipation. She tried, again and again, to interest herself in the reading of "Midsummer Night's Dream," but to her distorted fancy, it became a nightmare, and Puck, himself, a grim ogre. Each

whistle of the engine seemed to disturb her peace, and bring her nearer to her fate; for in no other way could she look upon her entrance to the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School."

At last "Hillside!" was announced; and, by the aid of the obsequious porter, whose palm had been crossed by a silver piece, before starting, by Mr. Wilder, Daisy was assisted to the platform, bag and baggage.

Standing as if in bewilderment at what to do next, she turned to face a man who looked as if he, too, might have been an antique relic of Colonial days. His dress was a shabby genteel livery, of what once had been plum-color. He saluted Daisy with great deference, saying, in an interrogatory way, "Miss Wilder of Boston for the Misses Bagley's School?"

"Oh, yes," replied Daisy, glad enough to find some way to turn with a certainty.

"The carriage is here, miss," said the antiquated-looking coachman; and as Daisy was about to enter the equally antiquated-looking conveyance that stood in waiting, a voice from within gave her greeting: "Pupil Number Ten Miss Wilder of Boston, welcome."

As Daisy heard herself thus addressed, she had hard work to control her feelings at the odd greeting; for the ridiculous always appealed to her sense of appreciation. Was she to be a piece of merchandise only in her new home? she thought.

"At least," she said to herself, "there are nine others to be companions of my misery." And then an instant's thought went out to that lonely one, Pupil Number One, who would never know how many were to keep her company. "Poor girl!" she sighed.

While James, the antiquated-looking coachman, was busy arranging at his feet Daisy's small pieces of baggage, Daisy herself had time to study more closely her companion; evidently one of the Misses Bagley, she had already decided, even before that personage had announced herself, saying, "One of us, my sister or myself, always comes to the station to meet our pupils. I am Miss Lucindy."

"If this is the 'one of us,' what can the other be like?" thought Daisy, as she looked again at her quaint companion, for Miss Lucindy might easily have been taken for a well-preserved "Betsey Trotwood."

Her angular features were surrounded with a wealth of hair, that, at Miss Lucindy's age, suggested borrowed property. The latter was worn in short curls at the front, that refused to retain their curl, even under cover of the long veil, embroidered with sprigs of flowers that were as faded as their originals, now drooping from the first frost of October. The whole rusty affair Miss Lucindy gathered, or clutched, rather, in her gaunt hands. These same hands wore their ever-constant covering of black mitts. Some there were who averred that Miss Lucindy wore these mitts because of her modesty, while others whispered among themselves that they were simply coverings to "two of the homeliest hands ever bestowed upon a daughter of Eve." The Paisley shawl wrapped about Miss Lucindy's shoulders was, like the rest of her costume, a reminder of "ye long ago," — a long ago, be it said, in which the sisters always liked to live, even though the indisputable mark of "shabby genteel" was upon them and all their worldly possessions.

Poor Daisy! She felt that now she had found one who would curb her desire for even

the most innocent of fun and frolic; and her resolutions came thick and fast, that she would lend herself to her much-despised companions, her books, if only that she might, the sooner, graduate from "The Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School," which, alas! she was now only entering.

With a precision of speech never before attempted by her, Daisy answered meekly all the questions put to her by Miss Lucindy.

"Miss Wilder," said the latter, "is this to be your first boarding-school life?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly replied Daisy, adding under her breath, "and if I ever get out of this alive, it will be my last!"

"Miss Wilder," again said Miss Lucindy, "always answer me, 'Yes, Miss Lucindy,' or 'No, Miss Lucindy,' as the case may be, will you?"

"Yes, ma — yes, Miss Lucindy," replied Daisy, again submissively.

And this "prunes and prism" conversation was continued until the arrival of the carriage at the Bagley homestead. Poor Daisy had all the way kept up another conversation with her inner self. She felt it would not be long, de-

spite all her good resolutions when she left home, before she would have to send to her absent friend, Rosemary McBurnie, her messenger to tell of impending — yes, already threatening — disgrace! And she even found herself anticipating such a way out of her present unhappiness of spirit.

So it is that from us all goes out that silent though still speaking influence to those about us, for, like Daisy Wilder, many a young person has had the whole current of her life turned aside into a turbulent stream, by that other who at the going down of her sunset of life, has had to recognize that she has followed the wrong guidepost, which led her to the end of her journey, and seen that her milestones of disappointment have proved stumbling-blocks in the way of success for herself and her neighbor.

Daisy's reveries were brought to an end by her arrival at Bagley Hall, — the abbreviated name for the Misses Bagley's Boarding-School, where she was confronted by the other Miss Bagley, whose Christian name was Abigail. That other proved equally tall, equally angular in face and feature, equally quaint, and —

equally forbidding in manner. The headgears of the two seemed to be the only discriminating feature. Miss Abigail's was a marvel! Jute everywhere, — in puffs at the side, curls at the neck, and an indescribable topknot, that could be likened to nothing else but — jute!

Extending her hand to Daisy, her long bony fingers closed about the latter's small hand with a grip that Daisy used afterwards always to insist meant to say, "Now I've got you," and Daisy felt that with two such mistresses to serve, she could love neither, — and prayed that she might not hate both!

Miss Abigail repeated her sister's form of welcome, saying, "Pupil Number Ten, Miss Wilder of Boston, welcome. Be seated, Miss Wilder."

There was no cordiality in the greeting, no bond of sympathy that could unite the hoydenish Daisy with such an element of frigidity; and the girl, with the same submission, seated herself in a low high-backed chair, to wait for — what she knew not. Hers only to obey, and she did so.

Looking about the little reception-room (which, by the way, had once been the pantry of the

old homestead), Daisy studied, with a newborn awe, the straight-backed chairs, and the old family portraits of the Bagley ancestors hanging upon the wall.

"Shades of their ancestors, I suppose," said Daisy to herself, as she studied more closely the silhouettes of the female line, with their high-backed combs and puffed hair, and inwardly decided that these very pictures must have offered suggestions for hairdressing to the Misses Bagley. And, too, the ruffled shirtfronts of the male progenitors of the Bagley line seemed, to Daisy's already prejudiced eye, no less stiff and precise than were the faces and manners of their descendants, with whom now, alas! her lot was cast.

In this way, Daisy sat, it seemed to her, for hours, although the old clock on the hall landing, in truth, only rang out but one quarter of an hour. Then, leading the way, Miss Lucindy preceded Daisy to one of the little bedrooms above stairs, upon whose door was that significant number, "Ten," with which the latter had now become familiar. But Daisy took heart, as she noticed its companion number, "Eleven," by its side.

Opening the door, Miss Lucindy said, "Your room-mate will arrive to-morrow. Tea will be served at six o'clock sharp!" And with this parting injunction and a marked emphasis upon the last word, as if to say, "Disobey upon your peril!" and in a manner that would have done credit to her Puritan ancestors, Miss Lucindy left Daisy to herself and her thoughts.

"And this is a fashionable boarding-school," said Daisy, aloud, as she surveyed the furnishings of "Room Number Ten and Eleven," — furnishings which seemed to dispute their claim to any fashion but those of "ye long ago," however.

"Everything in twos," said Daisy, again, as she noted the two dressing-cases, side by side, which, in her ignorance of Chippendale, conveyed only the idea of "up garret" to her. Two brass candlesticks, one on each dressing-case, guarded the two square pincushions whose coverings, Daisy had to allow, were very pretty, even if quaint in their suggestion of old-time fancy-work, as done by her great-grandmother; the rose, covering the top of them had its petals shaped by a padding of wool, that filled out the flower and made of the cushion an ornamental as well

as a useful article. Two beds, neatly covered with white — immaculately white — knitted quilts, appealed to Daisy's tired limbs and longing heart; but, no, there was that "tea at six o'clock sharp!" and Daisy was now under orders.

As she walked about the little room, towel in hand, trying to remove the signs of travel, her eyes were arrested by a card tacked to the door, upon which she read: —

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE MISSES BAGLEY'S FASHIONABLE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

First, The Misses Bagley have complete authority over their pupils during their stay at Bagley Hall.

Authority! read Daisy again. Was she not already bound by the chains of compulsory obedience? "Where are the death's head and bones, I wonder? I have half a mind to put them there," she said. And here was the very key-note of the Misses Abigail and Lucindy Bagley's failure in life, — authority! An authority never

tempered by that close companionship between teacher and pupil that makes love a law, and law a voice of love.

Daisy read further: —

> Breakfast at Seven.
> Rising bell at Six thirty, A.M.

Six thirty, A. M.! That was an hour never known in Daisy's calendar, for it had always needed the persuasive powers of mother and father and her maid Charlotte, to bring her to the breakfast-table at eight o'clock.

"Dinner at twelve," she read again. To one like Daisy, used to a fashionable seven o'clock dinner, a dinner at twelve seemed a very primitive custom to follow.

> Tea at Six, and
> Lights out at Eight thirty.

And so read the rules and regulations of Bagley Hall. Truly a new life was opening to Daisy Wilder with her entrance into the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School," where

love was wanting for the perfection of that life.

"Six o'clock!" sounded out ominously from the tall hall clock, as Daisy slowly retraced her steps to the floor below. Miss Lucindy, watch in hand, stood at the dining-room door, and, with a reproving look at Daisy, said in a stern voice, "Fifty seconds late, Miss Wilder!" With this humiliation as an introduction to the young ladies standing at table, Daisy joined the students who were to be her companions for — she dared not think how long. Miss Abigail, who sat at the head of the table, made the presentation of, "Pupil Number Ten, Miss Wilder of Boston."

As Daisy was the tardy one for whom the waiting company stood, Miss Abigail gave the order, "Be seated, young ladies." And with military precision, the students obeyed, and almost involuntarily Daisy found herself counting, "One — two — three — eat!"

The same regularity betrayed itself in the furnishings of the table as of the rooms above. At each plate a glass of milk stood, the one so like its neighbor that it was easy to conceive that a dropper and not a pitcher was the measurement

for all. The bill of fare was a very simple one, — and Daisy ate sparingly, and, as never before, sympathized with Oliver Twist in his request for "more" — of a different kind!

It was a solemn meal, for all conversation was forbidden; and the new pupils, like Daisy herself, stood in awe of the Misses Bagley, while the older ones knew too well the traditions of the past to transgress.

Daisy felt an intuitive pity for the new pupil, "Number Five," who received Miss Abigail's admonition to "Count three between each mouthful, Pupil Number Five, Miss Van Auken of New York."

In short, the first meal at the Misses Bagley's table had neither the "stalled ox" nor the "herb" diet to commend itself to Daisy Wilder's lonely heart. The only relief that came to this unnatural restraint put upon her youth came with the hour that followed the tea, when Daisy congratulated herself that a little of her old self was left her, and became at once a favorite with her companions.

At the given signal of eight o'clock, the pupils separated from each other, and Daisy sought the companionship of her diary, which she had

promised her mother she would keep. In it she wrote, as she sighed, "Arrived in safety; nothing of note."

But was there not something to note? The misery of the light-hearted girl, whose loving nature had been thus changed? Pity her even in her rebellion; pity all whose hearts cry out for sympathy, and, above all, pity those who know not how to give it, and so lose the half of life's real pleasure.

All night long, Daisy tossed in her sleep. An indiscriminate procession of books were ever following her in her dreams, while two long gaunt fingers indexed every page. The morning dawned, and with it came anticipations of the coming of some one — who, she hoped, would be to her not only a room-mate, but a true confidant.

She busied herself in unpacking — for it was evident that the Misses Bagley had no authority over the railroad officials, as Daisy's trunk had but just arrived after a night's delay. One by one, she hung her pretty dresses in the wardrobe, which bore that familiar number "Ten" upon its door. She arranged her bureau drawers with great care. Carefully, almost reverently,

she replaced a pretty pink silk dress in her trunk, closing the lid and locking such useless finery out of sight.

A knock at the door! Her room-mate! Daisy's face grew brilliant with her anticipations, so soon to be realized, as she responded to Miss Lucindy's knock, and her introduction to "Pupil Number Eleven, Miss Beulah Scilley of —"

Daisy did not wait for any further information, but held out her hand in astonishment to the one, of all others, she was unprepared — yes, even unwilling — to meet!

"Why, Miss Scilley, what a surprise this is for me! and why did you not tell me last summer we should meet here?" said Daisy.

The young lady, thus addressed, was not in the least disconcerted, but in a calm, convincing manner said, "One likes to keep something for one's own counsel; and I chose, for reasons of *my* own, to keep my coming a secret, Miss Wilder."

"But how could you help telling me, Miss Scilley?" said Daisy, "when I told you, that day I met you at the Cliff, that I might come here, for we had not then quite decided."

Daisy's open nature could not readily understand the more secretive one of her new roommate, for the latter, as is too often the case, had the unwholesome trait which draws information from others, but never gives in return.

"And how did you leave them all on the dear little island? and are the white sails all close reefed, and the rowboats housed for the winter?" asked Daisy, with a yearning for news, some would have said, but which to Daisy Wilder was the longing to hear from those she loved and of their happiness.

"Yes," replied Beulah, "there is less excitement down there; but we don't mind the quiet, you know."

"No, I do not know," said Daisy, determined, at least, not to be forced to believe anything contrary to her will; for had not her cousin Harold Macy written her how lonesome it was, now that the summer colony had left?

"And Rosemary McBurnie! Dear Rosemary! She is at home in New York by this time?" eagerly questioned Daisy.

"Yes, the McBurnies left town before I did," replied Beulah Scilley.

The conversation became too hard work for

Daisy to continue longer, for Beulah maintained her non-committal part, or rather, told as little as she possibly could ; and Daisy returned to her work of arranging and rearranging her worldly effects, with a determination that she would keep her secrets too — if she ever had any worth keeping ! for she was one whose heart was open to all, whose life was an open book, even though some of its pages were written in comedy.

With two such natures for companionship, there could be but little harmony of spirit, and poor Daisy felt her last hope of happiness gone, with Beulah Scilley for a room-mate ; while the latter, close shut within herself, had a contentment of mind that was her greatest solace, and made her indifferent to all else, even to her room-mate's craving for companionship. This, however, the latter was fortunate in finding in Emily Wingate, a Western pupil.

In her diary alone, did Daisy give free vent to her thoughts, and freedom of speech, as she wrote : —

"*Friday the Fifteenth.* — Beulah Scilley is a strange girl. I always thought so, and now I know that she is. I don't understand her, I am willing to confess ; and feel ashamed of myself when my

suspicions lead me to think, 'Still waters run deep.' I cannot help thinking that she must belong to the family by the name of Heep. I do not and cannot like her ! ! !"

The three exclamation points seemed to add an emphasis to Daisy's written words, quite satisfactory to her, for she closed the book and said, "Now, I'll see how much of a prophet I am. Miss Scilley, I can wait!"

Another day she wrote: —

"*Tuesday the Fourth.* — Of course if there is any mischief going on, I am always thought to be the ringleader by the Misses Bagley. One thing certain: I shall always confess my wrongdoings, and not leave suspicion to rest on an innocent girl. We had a little midnight luncheon in our room, four of us, — that is, four, counting Beulah Scilley, — but she told Miss Lucindy that she had to be there, because she was in bed, and could not sleep. Yes, of course she was in bed; but I desire to record that she ate just as much oil on her sardines as the rest of us! But she looks so meek and humble, Miss Lucindy believes in her every time!"

Thus went life at the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School," where the laws of the "Medes and Persians" prevailed!

Daisy Wilder was the favorite of her companions, if not of her teachers. Her honest, ingenuous nature gave her an envied popularity. Every girl — every girl but one, at least — was ready to be her champion, if necessity demanded it, which threatened at times; for was she not, as Mrs. McBurnie wisely said, "one to be guided by love, not law"? Not that her disobedience of laws should be condoned, but one could wish that, for a nature like Daisy's, a loving hand might temper its discipline to such an over-exuberance of spirits.

A diet of bread and water, and "solitary confinement," were better adapted for the criminal than for young ladies who, like Daisy, deserved correction ofttimes, but not the chastisement of the nursery, or the punishment of the prison-house. It was on one of these days of exile for Daisy that the pupils were holding an indignation meeting.

Listen to the proceedings of that hour.

The subdued voice of Mary Bumstead calls the meeting "to come to order," while she thus addresses the girls assembled in her room: "Schoolmates, we are called together to redress wrongs — serious wrongs — done to a beloved

companion; for why should Daisy Wilder be sent to her room on bread and water, just because she was a connoisseur of coffee?"

A titter went through the room; and Daisy Wilder became a martyr, to the girls assembled in her defence.

Mary Bumstead continued, "Did not we need a connoisseur of coffee, I ask you?" (Cries of "Yes, yes, long ago!") "And now, just because Miss Wilder tied a package of a new brand of Java and Mocha mixed, — mind you, the very best! — on the handle of Miss Abigail's room-door, for that, must Miss Wilder's only beverage for to-day be water? It's a shame, a burning shame!" (Cries of "Shame! shame!" were heard from every corner of the room.)

Miss Bumstead continued: "Why, Miss Abigail ought to be thankful it was not chiccory, like what is served to us every morning." (Cries of "That's so!" interrupted the speaker.) "Will some one make a motion in favor of Miss Wilder's release?" said Mary Bumstead.

As one, the group of girls asked to be heard, and the motion was "moved and seconded."

"To ask Miss Abigail Bagley not only to unloose the bars from prison cell Number Ten, but, as well, to send at once a bowl of that same mixed Java and Mocha to Miss Wilder, — the inmate of that cell, now spending 'one day in solitary confinement.'" And the ayes had it!

"And now," continued the presiding officer, "let a committee be appointed from the floor to present in due form this petition."

Just at this point, the swish-swish-swish of Miss Abigail's bird's eye silk announced the coming of that "august body." A knock at the door! Silence reigned for the moment, — which moment was given up to deciding who should be the one to open the door; and a series of pantomimes indicated that Mary Bumstead, in whose room the meeting was being held, should, as was her duty of hostess of Room Number Three, respond to the knock, and — Miss Abigail entered.

With a searching look about the room, she impressed upon her brain the name of every girl present. "What does this mean, young ladies?" said the visitor. "Is this the way you devote your hour to study, — like this, in

idle gossip? Explain your position, young ladies, I command you!"

By another series of pantomimes and glances, one to the other, Miss Bumstead was again declared the one as best suited for spokesman of the hour. Awed at the responsibility imposed upon her, but thinking that her love for Daisy was some justification for the present insubordination, she began her little speech. Her voice trembling with half-mingled fright and emotion, she addressed herself to Miss Abigail, whose frigid manner only helped to emphasize the sense of the meeting voiced by the speaker.

"Miss Abigail," she said, "this meeting was called in behalf of our beloved schoolmate, Miss Wilder, now suffering the penalty of solitary confinement in Room Number Ten."

Here Miss Abigail closed tighter her thin lips, and stood as immovable as the Sphinx.

"We feel," continued Miss Bumstead, "that the punishment is too heavy for her offence; and we ask also to be released from our share of the punishment, that comes to us with the thought of her loneliness, making our own doubly hard to endure."

A new light seemed to shine in Miss Abigail's cold gray eye. Was this a rebellion against her better judgment? or was it only a confession of love from the girls for Daisy Wilder?

Still no word escaped from the thin lips, and Miss Bumstead continued her plea: "That Miss Wilder committed the offence credited to her, we must believe, for Miss Wilder has already confessed to it; but that she was not the only transgressor, we also believe; for how did Miss Wilder procure the coffee? She must therefore have had an accomplice, if such you wish to call the messenger who brought to her the package found at your door. Who was that messenger? Miss Wilder refuses to tell her name, but says that the commission was executed by another; but should she not, whoever she may be, share in the punishment already inflicted upon Daisy Wilder, whom we love?"

This argument seemed to appeal to Miss Abigail's sense of justice; while the fact that another culprit deserved her masterly hand of discipline turned her thoughts into a direction that seemed to favor Daisy Wilder's chances for pardon and release.

The girls themselves thought they saw a sig-

nificant nodding of the jute curls, and Miss Bumstead went on: "Further, Miss Abigail, we politely urge that a bowlful of that coffee be carried to Miss Wilder by her room-mate, Miss Beulah Scilley, who is not present at this meeting, but, no doubt, is within earshot of it!"

This, of course, was meant as an arrow to reach the ear of Miss Beulah Scilley, who, be it said, had been standing just outside the door of Room Number Three from the commencement of the indignation meeting.

"Further," concluded Miss Bumstead, "we would suggest that some of that same Java and Mocha mixed be substituted to-morrow morning for the chiccory served us at breakfast."

An embarrassing silence followed. The company of girls appeared as if they thought Miss Bumstead had exceeded her authority, but to the latter the justification of her suggestion seemed to be in the application; for many times of late, committees of one, two, or three had labored with the Misses Bagley to give their pupils a better morning beverage, only to be told that "chiccory was less harmful," although the two streaming bowlfuls of coffee always

served to the sisters seemed to go to prove that while they might be right in theory, in practice they were all wrong. It had been this very failure to bring about good results from fair methods, that was responsible for the ignoble deed that brought to Daisy Wilder her punishment of "solitary confinement on bread and water."

At the close of Miss Bumstead's words, Miss Abigail gave her rebuke, saying, "Young ladies, I am surprised at this meeting of open rebellion to your teachers, and the rules of the school. You may adjourn to your respective rooms until I consult with Miss Lucindy."

Later, the swish-swish-swish of the bird's eye silk was heard in the corridor above; and a knock at the door of Room Number Ten brought Daisy to respond to it, and face to face with Miss Abigail Bagley. The latter seated herself, uninvited, and, pointing to a chair beside her, intimated to Daisy to do the same, which she did, her face betraying the wonderment she felt as to what might be the cause of this unexpected visit.

"Miss Wilder," said Miss Abigail, "I have just learned that another should be a party to

your punishment, as she has already been one in the offence that has brought you the humiliation; and I have come to say that if you will give me the name of that person you shall, in return, receive full pardon from my sister and myself."

Miss Abigail waited for Daisy's reply. The latter drew herself up to her full height, which was not much at best, but in dignity she stood far above her caller, to whom she replied, "Miss Abigail, I thank you for your kindness, for I am sure you intended it as such, but — "

"But you are not going to accept?" asked Miss Abigail, anticipating the girl's refusal.

"No, Miss Abigail," continued Daisy. "I must decline your proposal, as I have declined many times to give the name you ask, to my schoolmates. I am willing to bear this punishment, for I know that I have done wrong, and deserve it; but if you were to extend my days of confinement to months, leaving me alone with my thoughts, I could not even then do as you wish me; and I beg that you will not think me stubborn in my refusal."

"Then I am to understand, Miss Wilder," said Miss Abigail as she arose to go, "that you

refuse, positively, to co-operate with me in preserving order and punishing its offenders ?"

"Yes, Miss Abigail," said Daisy, in her honest way, "in the manner you suggest. I should despise myself if I became a tale-bearer. I can only take care of my own conscience, and that gives me trouble enough. I know that I have done wrong; but, oh, Miss Abigail, I am not the same as when I left home! I am so unhappy! Please, please, forgive me, Miss Abigail; and I promise you I will try to do differently! Won't you have faith in me and forgive me ?" but Daisy, as she looked into the stolid face of Miss Abigail, began to fear that she must soon give up all hope for pardon from that source.

Miss Abigail offered no reply, but still Daisy continued her bit of special pleading, "But, Miss Abigail, truly I did not at the time realize my rudeness, as I know that I should have. I am not attempting any excuses. I am only acknowledging my offence, and asking you to have confidence in my good resolutions for the future. I am not deceitful, Miss Abigail, whatever else I may be, and please do not blame me for every one's misdemeanors; and you know, I asked you and Miss Lucindy a great many

times, some of them as a committee from the students, to give us coffee and not chiccory for breakfast, — just like that you drink."

Yes, Miss Abigail remembered well those special pleas, and had as persistently ignored them; for still, the discrimination had been made between the real and the unreal, the teacher and the taught, while the latter had tried their utmost to follow the precept of Saint Paul, "to eat what was put before them, and ask no questions for conscience' sake," — although at times patience and conscience would rebel at a "Squeers' diet." And this was the outcome!

Without a word of encouragement, Miss Abigail left Daisy alone with her thoughts again; but who shall say that the latter did not gain the respect of Miss Abigail by her honesty in firmly refusing, with scorn, the name and office of a tale-bearer? Surely there must have been some happy change of heart, for Miss Abigail, not long after her exit, sent the message to Room Number Ten to "Tell Miss Wilder to join her class in the recitation-room below."

That night Daisy wrote in her diary in large letters: —

"Tempted but Saved! To-day I have spent alone in my room; but was I really alone? — with this troublesome conscience of mine always telling me of my wrongdoings, and what an unruly scholar I am? but, oh! how I should have hated myself if I had gained my freedom — at — whose expense? No, I will not even tell you, my silent, confidential companion. It is not for me to be a keeper of another's conscience. My own makes fuss enough for me! It is always whispering in my ear; but sometimes it is too late to save me.

"And all this for a poor little chiccory seed, — poor harmless little thing! But that is the way, very often, it is the trivial things of life that sometimes make the most trouble.

"And Miss Abigail would not forgive me! Does she hope to be forgiven, I wonder? But, then, I pity her, and Miss Lucindy too, after all, for they are not really to blame for having lived so many years that they can't remember when they were young!"

It is to be feared that Daisy took a little satisfaction in writing this latter truism, although she might have recorded her resolution to try to give her sympathy in the true spirit to the two spinsters, whose hearts were already warming to their rebellious subject, for her honesty and her penitence. Did they not forgive — as they best knew how?

Before Daisy went to her little bed that night, she selected from the vase of flowers which her companions had sent to her room — one, two blossoms, and enclosed to Rosemary McBurnie

A RED ROSE AND A WHITE ROSE.

Twixt You and Me.

Red Rose.
War.
White Rose.
Sadness.

Oh, the red rose is a warrior;
And the white rose is its bride.
And together, they fight the battle, —
Yes, together, side by side.

In the battle of Life are conflicts
'Twixt Right and the tempter Wrong;
When the bravest of warriors falter,
And mourning follows the song.

'T is nobler to grieve for an error,
Than boldly defy the Right;
For a sin, confessèd in sorrow,
Is half of a well-fought fight!

Grace Le Baron.

HOLIDAY PLEASURES
Japonica-Impatience of Absence
K.P.

IV.

HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

JAPONICA — IMPATIENCE OF ABSENCE.

AND in due time the two roses, with unspoken yet ever-speaking messages, fell at Rosemary's feet, as she unfolded the wrapper about them. Stooping, she tenderly lifted them to her lips, interpreting their message: "Poor dear Daisy! in trouble, but not in disgrace. In tears, but not in blushes." And she quietly returned the faded roses to their envelope.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, however, Rosemary would not accept any other belief than that which her loyal friendship prompted, and refused to entertain any other idea than the one which comforted her so much, — to believe that the war cloud which hovered over Daisy Wilder and the latter's school-day life at Bagley Hall was other than the shadow of an hour, which would be dispelled by the hand of Justice before many sunsets. Rosemary so expressed herself to her mother, at the same time urging that

Daisy be invited to visit them for the coming holiday week; and permission having been asked of, and granted by, Mrs. Wilder in due form, Daisy made her preparations for her coming week of pleasure; for, she thought, "it will be a pleasure just to hear the voices of old friends, and to know that I am trusted and understood."

Nor was she long in telling her room-mate of her vacation plans. The latter received the news in the same spirit of stolid indifference that had been hers ever since her first coming to Bagley Hall. But Daisy felt that her anticipated happiness would make amends for all the disagreeable things in her present life, even for the sarcasm in Miss Abigail's parting injunction, "I trust, Miss Wilder, that the New Year will bring to you a change of heart at least."

And Daisy echoed the sentiment! Again she would be the light-hearted girl that she was but a few short weeks before. And with this thought she entered upon her holiday week with the McBurnies hoping that its spirit of "peace and good-will" would come to her as a benediction upon her holiday life, and as a blessing to be taken with her when she should again resume her school duties at Bagley Hall. With such a

responsive helper as her waiting, willing heart, it was no difficult matter to hope, to reason, that

> "The darkest day, live till To-morrow,
> Will have passed away."

The reunion of the two friends could be none other than it proved, — one of helpfulness to Daisy, and happiness to both: a happiness whose only detraction lay in the thought that it was but for seven short days; but each day had its joys, and Rosemary and Harold Macy vied with each other to make those seven days seven jewelled ones in Daisy Wilder's vacation calendar.

Yes, Harold Macy had had his anticipations of summer realized! His one desire had been to come to the city; to be relieved from the tiresome lullabies of the ocean. Those two ambitions, which were but as one desire, had been gratified; but there lurks in his heart a longing to tread those despised cobble-stones once again; for, as is often the case, our expectations are sometimes more gratifying than the goal of our anticipations.

Indeed, some nights after the lad has retired to his room, — that room where Contentment

has not yet come, — his heart has longed for the lullabies of the ocean's song, and he sighs for the home of his childhood; but he aspires to be a man, and men must not be boys, he tells himself. Still, he has not as yet been trained enough in the world's ways to forget that home of his boyhood.

"Only a few months before I shall have a vacation, too, Cousin Daisy," he said.

"And you will go — where? — to the mountains, I suppose: no waters there to make you miserable," said Daisy, in irony.

"To the mountains!" repeated the homesick lad: "not much, Cousin Daisy. Why, there is but one place to live in."

"But how do I know that you and I agree in giving that first prize, Harold?" asked his cousin.

For reply, the latter made answer, "That one place is — Home! Shall I meet you on the Cliff next summer?" he asked.

"Why, I hope to be there," replied Daisy; then, in her usual bantering way, she said, "But surely, Harold Macy, you are not going down to that tiresome place."

"Oh, poke your fun at me, Cousin Daisy; I

deserve it all. But I have changed my mind; I can say with you to-day, 'That many a night I go to bed, thinking I hear the waves beating on the beach, plashing and dashing, and they sing me off to sleep with their lullaby.' So we three will meet there again, — 'in thunder, lightning, and in rain.' Is that so, Rosemary?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Rosemary; "at high tide, at low tide, with the wind, or without it. Indeed, I am quite ready to go now, and to meet you on that happy shore."

A look in the girl's face told of that readiness, that sighing for rest on that happy shore of — Home! Rosemary had studied with a zeal for new honors, and they had been hers; but, alas! her pale cheeks told the sacrifice, just as her pale lips confessed her willingness to rest. She longed for the breezes to bring to her the bloom of restored health. She longed for the pretty flower-garden. She longed for — Home. At present, however, her one desire must be, as it was, to give pleasure to her guest. She varied the programme daily, and was always proud to introduce to her circle of acquaintances, "Miss Wilder of Boston."

An unusual pleasure was hers to announce one day: "Miss Vickard is in the parlor, Daisy. She wishes to meet with you. Will you come down? She has brought us an invitation to go to the Memory Club, which meets to-morrow afternoon. Shall we accept?" asked Rosemary of her guest a day or two after the latter's arrival.

"Why, certainly, Rosemary, accept, of course; that is, if it is agreeable to you. But what is the Memory Club? and what is it working for, — charity?" asked Daisy.

"From what I have heard, I should say that charity did not enter into its by-laws; but I must confess that I am interested to know more about the Club, which is really town talk in these days," replied Rosemary.

"Its name is very suggestive to me," replied Daisy. "It carries me back to my earliest days in the Grammar School, when I had to learn a 'Memory Gem,' as it was called, and be put on exhibition every time any visitor came to the school, until I used to wish that poetry and poets had died with the old Greeks! Let me see if I can remember the one over which I almost lost my reason. Why, it cannot be that

I have forgotten it, for, oh, how I stumbled over its words almost daily! Let me see — Ah, here it is.

> 'Life is a sheet of paper white,
> Whereon each one of us may write
> His word or two —
> And then comes — Night!'

The teacher always wanted me to say 'leaf' instead of 'sheet,' but as Mr. Lowell wrote it in my autograph album 'sheet,' I felt that I had the best authority for using the word, and I always did; and Miss Woodside always corrected me. Of course I thought she was disagreeable, and I know that I was both disagreeable and stubborn, too. I wonder if the Memory Club is anything of the kind. An animated game of Authors — like! or is it a funereal affair with *Hic Jacet* for the Club motto?" asked Daisy, laughing.

"Oh, that I really do not know, Daisy," said Rosemary. "We will have to find out all about it from Miss Vickard. Come down to the parlor and question her. Come, Daisy." And a few moments later Daisy entered the parlor to be presented in due form to "Miss Georgine Vickard."

The conversation of the hour soon led up to the desired subject of clubs, and Miss Vickard said to Daisy, "I suppose you belong to a good many clubs, Miss Wilder. It is quite the fashion in your town, I hear."

"Not one, Miss Vickard! not even to a fashionable sewing-circle," replied Daisy. "I may be a curiosity in your eyes, but I must say that I never knew that the fashion of clubs was a fashion of Boston alone. It is all over the country and spreading like the whooping-cough!"

"And you do not even belong to a whist club?" asked Miss Vickard. "Why, it has become a bit of local tradition that everybody plays whist in Boston."

"You may make an exception then, Miss Vickard, in my favor. But then, you know that I am too young to have many interests beside my books."

True, as Daisy said this, there did come to her the faintest conviction that perhaps she was giving a wrong impression to her caller, and leading the latter to think that her interest in books was the proverbial one credited to the "town" of Boston, as Miss Vickard insisted upon calling it.

"When I am older, perhaps I may belong to as many clubs as a friend of mamma's, who is a member of twenty-seven," said Daisy.

"Twenty-seven!" repeated Miss Vickard in astonishment. "Twenty-seven! I did not suppose that you had so many in the whole town."

"Oh, yes," replied Daisy. "You know Boston is a city now! It was made so — in eighteen hundred and twenty-two."

That Miss Vickard accepted Daisy's mild rebuke was evident; for from that moment Boston became to the former an incorporated city. "Yes, yes, I forgot," said Miss Vickard, apologetically; and Daisy tried to be charitable, and think that the former was guilty of a *lapsus linguæ*, rather than of an intentional offence to Boston and its loyal champion.

"I have just been inviting Miss McBurnie and you to attend with me the meeting of the Memory Club to-morrow afternoon. It is to meet with Miss Van Bibber."

"And what is the Memory Club, Miss Vickard?" interrupted Rosemary; "and what do you do at its meetings?"

"Oh," replied her visitor, "our Club is very exclusive, you know. It is really very difficult

to enter it as a member." It was very evident that to Miss Georgine Vickard admission into the exclusive Memory Club was the one thing needful in life for happiness.

"But what do you do at your meetings?" persistently asked Daisy. "What is the object of the Memory Club? Is it charity?"

"Oh, no," indifferently replied the visitor; "ours is purely a club for the pleasure of its members. You see we have so many 'Charity Clubs,' that we have not many of the very poor in our city to look after."

Of this Daisy was not so easily convinced, and felt there were yet "legions" to be found who had only "the mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," — for an inheritance; but she did not question the words of Miss Vickard, and simply asked, as twice before, "What is the object of your Club?"

"Its object?" repeated Miss Vickard. "Why, its very name tells you: for immortalizing the memory of our forefathers and foremothers. We have a Club Poet, who —"

"Who writes the obituaries and epitaphs, I suppose," said Daisy.

But Miss Vickard ignored the intrusive ques-

tion and continued, "Who writes poems and the like for us; and a Club Historian, who — "

"Oh, yes, I understand now," interrupted Daisy; "you are really a class in Ancient History — "

"Yes," promptly replied Miss Vickard; "if you choose to call us that; and the more ancient the information read before us the more desirable an acquisition is its author as a member — "

"Which is not always the case, is it?" said Daisy. "Usually such a member of society is considered an old bore. And — whose forebear is going to be embalmed to-morrow?"

For the moment Miss Vickard hesitated, as though debating if she should answer Daisy's question; but pride in the fashionable Club of the day overruled her momentary indignation, and she replied, "The President of the Club is going to read a paper about her great-great-great — "

"There, there!" exclaimed the irrepressible Daisy, "she need not go any further back in her family history to interest me. I just detest antiques, — whether as fossil remains or ceramics! and then in these days there are so many reproductions and imitations! New editions for

me, of everything! I presume I am cut out for 'a new woman.' But what about this multiplied great and grand (for of course he or she must be grand to have a descendant in your Club!) father or mother of your President?" asked Daisy. "We want to be prepared, you know, to do homage —"

"Oh, I do not just know," said Miss Vickard. "He did something deserving 'honorable mention;' but anyway, he had the yellow fever seven times, I heard our President say."

"And yellow is such a trying color to the complexion!" said Daisy, substantiating the truth of her confession to Rosemary, that it would take more than three months of Bagley Hall to crush out all her inborn mischief. "It must rise again, Phœnix-like!" she avowed.

To Miss Vickard, however, Daisy was a misnomer, and she turned to Rosemary in despair, saying, "Your friend, Miss Wilder, is positively incorrigible, is she not, Miss McBurnie?"

For reply, Rosemary's face took on the old-time expression, which had, as always, the power to check Daisy's hectoring, and the latter stopped her teasing; not, however, before the interest of both had become excited in the Memory Club,

and Rosemary and Daisy accepted Miss Vickard's invitation to be its guests on the morrow.

At the hour appointed Miss Vickard called for the two girls, in all the splendor and elegance of riches, as indicated in the gilt cockade on the coachman's hat and the clanking of the shining brass chains of the Vickard equipage.

On the way, Miss Vickard explained to her guests that the Executive meeting preceded the open one. "But then," she said — "that will be a short one, and soon over with. I am sorry that I cannot invite you to it, but it is one of Secret Session, and its doings are strictly confidential!"

As Miss Vickard made her explanation, one might have supposed the affairs of a nation were to be settled at the meeting of the Executive Board of the Memory Club, for nothing short of some great international question could have had so perceptibly the "Importance" as indicated in Miss Vickard's tone and also in the notices which called together the meeting of the afternoon.

The music-room of the Van Bibber Mansion was the one in which this important meeting was to be held. Off in one corner a silk em-

broidered screen — which bore on the one side the figure of Peace bearing the symbolical olive-branch; and on the other, that of Mars in all his glory and trappings of war — was drawn about, that the Executive might hold its Secret Session.

Daisy and her companion could but note the propriety in the arrangement of the piece of handiwork; for Peace smiled serenely upon them, while Mars presided over the doings of the Board; and only the screen separated the silent from the active members. For with Rosemary and Daisy sat a half-dozen or more other guests, who had, like them, been invited for the afternoon, and, like them, shut out from the doings, but, alas! not from the hearings, of the Secret Session about to be held.

Three o'clock was the hour set for that hearing; but as the cuckoo clock in the Van Bibber hall sounded that warning call long before Rosemary and Daisy took their seats, evidently, too, punctuality did not enter into the by-laws of the Memory Club. "It was exactly half-past three as the cuckoo flies," before a quorum was found to have arrived, and the chattering of that quorum could only be likened to a tree full of magpies.

Indeed, it was surprising that it could have been counted at all, for the Babel of voices was such as might easily have disturbed the best of mathematicians; but seven there were on the one side of the screen in battle-array, with Mars as their leader; and ten, on the other, with Peace in their unwary hearts. And the Secret Session was about to open in all its seeming importance — and formality.

In the absence of the President of the Club (who, by the way, had sent word that she "would come to the meeting at the close of the Symphony and after she had been to the dressmaker's"), Miss Morris, the First Vice-President, took the chair, and prepared to open the meeting.

Yes, she took the chair! and again and again she took it, as again and again she arose, fumbled about in secret and hidden places for the pocket of her dress, — which it had not! Down upon her very knees she went to search for the gavel, which she had not, — but which she had forgotten to bring. "Oh, dear me!" she said, "I have no gavel. I forgot to bring it. I shall have to use this." And she rapped upon the inlaid table with a long, violet-colored box,

that was much more suggestive of Huyler's cream peppermints than a symbol of order.

Up and down went the long narrow box! Up and down! Down and up! but the buzzing of the human magpies still continued, for were not the Treasurer and Secretary deciding the all-important question, — "which was the more fashionable fur of the winter, chinchilla or black marten?" — and was not Madame Vigeaux awaiting their decision?

Finally, by a forcible rap with the box, which robbed one of the Cupids inlaid in the beautiful French table of his bow and arrow, and at the same time betrayed a little more definitely the contents of the box of confections, order was gained at last, just as the echo of the Treasurer's voice told that a decision had been reached with the convincing words, "Well, I shall have chinchilla on the bottom of the skirt, anyway, and a great big Medici collar on the jacket! Chinchilla costs more, and of course it will not be so common this winter."

So the momentous question having been decided, everything looked favorable for the doings of the Secret Session of the Executive Board, whose members were assembled and waiting.

Just as the Chair was congratulating herself that the frail gavel had accomplished its errand, the excited voice of the Treasurer again interrupted. It was evident that the chinchilla tailor-made costume was her all-absorbing thought: and for her, at least, reigned, for the time being, supreme over "by-laws" and "amendments!"

"Just wait," she said, "will you? Wait a minute! until I see if I have brought the sample of silk Madame Vigeaux gave me for the lining of my jacket!"

And the whole quorum paused, to become a committee of investigation to search for the Treasurer's sample, which, had older eyes been theirs, would have needed a powerful magnifying-glass to discover.

"Oh, yes, here it is! here it is!" said the Treasurer, after fumbling about with a commendable persistency worthy the woman of Scripture, and she turned her coat-pockets back into shape again, and with an "Excuse me!" to the waiting company, took her seat, indicating her readiness to proceed with the meeting.

With the call for "Order," the Chair then announced that there was very important busi-

ness to be transacted; "but," she said, "we will first listen to the report of our Secretary."

And the Secretary arose. She was a tall, handsome young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, who gave the idea that Paris modes absorbed so much of her time that the prosaic duties of a secretaryship must suffer at her hands, and — suffer they did! as was evident from her confused manner when she arose to respond to the Chair's bidding.

"Is my hat on straight?" she asked of her neighbor, in such an audible whisper, that a chorus of voices replied to her question, —

"Yes, it it all right; quite straight. Does the buckle go a little on the side? That is where it is now."

"Yes," replied the Secretary, putting her daintily gloved hand to her head, to decide the exact whereabouts of a certain brilliant buckle upon "the latest from Madame Angot."

Then she adjusted her rimless eye-glasses; for, though young, her pretty eyes were obliged to be regulated by such helpers. She opened the book she held in her hand, — looked, — then looked again, — blushed, and blushed continually, stammered, and finally, after much embar-

rassment of manner, made the whole Executive to feel the infection of her apparent nervousness.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I must have brought the wrong book. I thought it was my Report Book, and instead of that, it is the story I have been reading. I did not have time to copy my report of the last meeting, and I thought these loose papers were the notes of it, which I put into my Record Book. Instead, they are my French exercises, and the book is one that I have been trying to finish."

"Oh, let us see it!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Is it a good story?" asked one and another.

And the book was passed around for inspection. It was one of the popular books of the day, and the whole Board, even to the Chair, resolved itself into a "Committee of Review" of the story.

"Is it good?" asked one.

"Oh, beautiful! It is his best, I think, although I am afraid that it is not coming out just as I would choose. I do not like a story one bit where the lovers separate and live on in the misery of a 'might have been;' and that is just what they are doing now. He is trying hard to be sad, and she is just pining

away. That is the difference between them now. But I think before long his misery will be as true as hers," said the Secretary.

"Oh, but they come together all right! She does not die, but some marvellous cure comes to her, and —" replied one who had read the book evidently, but was interrupted by the Secretary, who said excitedly, —

"There, please do not tell me how it ends. I never like to be told how a story is coming out. I like to plan it all out myself, and sometimes — I think I could give the author a few ideas. I ought to have been an author myself, instead of a Secretary;" and with a merry laugh the delinquent Secretary took a certain satisfaction in noting that one quarter of an hour had already been absorbed in the criticism of the story, and only three quarters of an hour remained in which to transact the important business referred to by the Chair, who, by this time, attracted as well by the cuckoo's regular call, gave another vigorous rap with the remnant of the box of sweetmeats.

Just at the moment, however, two or three tardy members of the Executive bustled in to the meeting with the odor of violets, and the

invigorating freshness of the winter air about them. "Oh, how do you do, Emily? Good-afternoon, Georgine," said one and another, and, utterly oblivious to the duties of the hour, addressing, too, the already-disturbed occupant of the presiding chair.

"Why, good-afternoon, Katheryn. And why did you not call for me? I have been watching for you for more than an hour. My new hat came home to-day, and I wanted to show it to you. Of course I could not wear it this afternoon, for the dampness would take all the curl out of the ostrich feathers. And it is just a beauty! You must see it."

Then of course it was the duty of the Chair to unbend from her dignity, and explain that she had been a little late herself, — a truism no one could deny, since, as has already been seen, the meeting had been called a full half-hour behind time.

Following this explanation, again came the call from the Chair, "Order, order." But, alas! as she struck the box with uncommon vigor, it yielded to the blow, and revealed its hidden mysteries, and the cream peppermints chased one another over the floor, while every

member of the Executive Board followed the hunt, searching here, there, and everywhere, with a zeal second only to that which they had exercised in looking for Madame Vigeaux's infinitesimal sample. And now only the box-cover remained! and even that promised to vanish into nothingness, under the persuasive argument of the Chair in her efforts to restore, or rather, to preserve, order, and still the important business was but a matter of speculation.

To the Secretary, standing, in her humiliation, the savory hunt for the sweetmeats had been an interruption fully appreciated, for the cuckoo had sung its warning note again, and but a half-hour now remained! Commanding all the self-possession she had, the Secretary informed the Chair, that although she had left her notes behind her, she still had a good memory, and felt that she could remember the most important part of the doings of the last meeting.

The Chair, with the weight of that important business on her youthful mind, expressed her willingness to hear what the Secretary had to say, and the latter stood, nervously smoothing

the fur of her jacket lapel, as if in admiration of the pretty sable, but really calling up before her confused mind the little she could, that had occurred at the last meeting, a month previous.

She commenced by saying, "One thing I remember, Miss President: we voted to appoint a Committee to plan some way to raise money for —"

She was just on the point of giving her first piece of information, when the real President of the Club, true to her word, arrived, and in all the majesty of power — a power which betrayed itself in her air of self-importance, as she entered with an amount of dignity superior to that maintained by any of the others present.

With a manner that seemed to say, "Make room for me, everybody — I will regulate now the affairs of this meeting, in true parliamentary manner," she addressed herself to her subordinate, the Vice-President presiding, and said, to the latter with, to be sure, a certain amount of deference, behind which lurked a trace of her own self-importance, "I will conduct this meeting now. Give me the gavel, please."

Of course it was a most humiliating hour for the retiring officer. Should she offer her su-

perior in office the remnants of the toy which she had been using? The idea was as preposterous as was its use!

In a very dignified manner, calculated to share her unhidden humiliation of the hour with her superior officer, the Vice-President addressed herself to the latter, saying, "Miss President, had you sent the gavel to this place of our meeting, instead of to my father's private office, I should now have it to offer to you. As it is, you will have to invent one, just as I have had to do."

And the Chair was declared vacant, with this indisputable evidence of the President's transgression of the conventional rules of etiquette, and Cushing's Manual! Never deigning a reply, however, Miss Alice Curtis took the chair vacated by Miss Katheryn Morris, and for the moment it really seemed as if the meeting was awed into a silence that did not care for gavel — or cream peppermints!

"And now," said the President, "we will continue the regular business of the afternoon," and — the cuckoo sang its third note of warning! "The Secretary will please continue," said the Chair.

Continue! The words sounded farcical to all, even to the waiting company on the other side of the broidered screen; and they had all they could do to control their laughter, which for the moment seemed to threaten a betrayal of their knowledge of the doings of the Executive, then in Secret Session. Continue! To the Secretary, standing, in her embarrassment, she wished the words might have had a trace of the superlative, and been interpreted into, — Concluded!

She stood. Was she waiting for another timely interruption that would release her from her misery? Evidently the Chair, as now apparent to her young eyes, was something else than a piece of furniture of the San Domingo family, with its foreign title of "Marqueterie."

An expression of awe and confusion overspread the face of the Secretary, which reflected itself as well, in the faces of the Executive family waiting, as the President said with authority, "Will the Secretary please be as quick as possible. We have very important business for the afternoon, you know, unless —" she hesitated — "unless it has already been considered. We wait now for the Secretary to finish what she was about to say when I entered. What was it?"

What was it? Sure enough. What was it? thought every one.

The Secretary attempted her answer. "I was just telling the Board, Miss President, about the Committee that was appointed at the last meeting to raise funds for — "

Oh, timely interruption! It came, with the yelping and barking of Miss Van Bibber's little French poodle, who had pushed his way through the half-open door, and entered, in all his glory of blue satin ribbon and family pedigree.

"Oh, you dear little fellow!" "Come here, you darling thing!" "Oh, where did you get him?" "But is n't he just a little beauty?" "Do let me take him!" were the exclamations that were heard from one and all of the waiting company. Yes, even the President herself unbent from her haughty dignity, and attempted to secure the little French darling, who sniffed and scented the room in search of his young mistress.

Miss Van Bibber took him up in her lap, and petted him, and for the moment Fido became the hero of the hour; but the heroine was she in the guise of the embarrassed Secretary, to whom the interruption was indeed a blessing;

and she, too, lavished her affections upon the dog, and kissed him for his sake — and for her own.

"Where did you get him from?" she asked Miss Van Bibber.

"We sent abroad for him and bought him, unsight, unseen; but he is a thoroughbred," said Miss Van Bibber, with the proverbial pride of all lovers of dogs.

"And a pretty penny he cost you, I fancy," said the Treasurer, who was a little more in sympathy with the waiting Secretary than the other members of the Board could possibly be; for — was not her turn coming next? And had she not a deficiency to explain? — a deficiency of five dollars in her account; a deficiency that had been occasioned by her careless handling of the money entrusted to her; for the missing V was already brightening the home of the little Italian newsboy who found it at the street crossing.

Of course, then, the Treasurer, too, was interested in the song of the cuckoo, for the allotted hour for the business meeting was fast slipping away, and then would come the class in "Ancient History," as Daisy facetiously termed the doings of the fashionable Memory Club.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Van Bibber to the Treasurer's question, "Fido cost us not a few pennies. Indeed, more than we at first intended to squander on the dear fellow; but then he was once owned by a live countess. The Countess Blugot was once his mistress; you know of her, of course."

"Never heard of her. Was she a live countess, — born one, I mean, — or only made one by American dollars?" asked the Treasurer.

The word "only" did not, however, if intended, disparage the Countess Blugot's claims in Miss Van Bibber's eyes, apparently. She replied, "Countess Blugot is of one of the oldest régime in France; but reverses came to her family, and so she had to sell her horses and dogs, and — "

"Now," interrupted the Treasurer, — "now, if she had been only an American, perhaps she could have kept not only her horses and dogs, but bought a castle for her count!"

Just at this moment, the President, who had been closely studying the clock, said, "I fear that we shall have to wait until the next meeting to hear the Secretary's report of the Committee appointed, for it is now the time to

adjourn and attend the open meeting, where we are to listen to the papers which some of our members have kindly prepared for us."

And the cuckoo sang again. Sang? He let loose his voice as if singing a Hallelujah Chorus!

The Secretary breathed freer! The Treasurer's pulse became normal again. Both congratulated themselves that the ignorance of the President as to what they had done (and had left undone!) counted in their favor. And so the important business was still an untold secret, as were the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, for with the cuckoo's song the meeting was declared, "Adjourned!"

The screen was carefully folded up — and the open meeting was called to "Order."

Even Daisy stood ready for any change in the programme, and seemed for the time to become a convert to ceramics and antiquities. She lent herself persistently to hear about this or that hero, who, it is feared, were unknown except in their family genealogies, whose respective pages were illuminated by their names. But even ancient history, despite Daisy's dislike for books in the abstract, was an agreeable change, in comparison with the burlesque of a Secret

Session. But both came to an ending, and the hour for departure was a still more welcome change for both Rosemary and Daisy, who tired of it all.

"And how did you like the memories of the Memory Club?" asked their hostess, as the trio rolled along home in the Vickard equipage.

"Oh, quite well," said Daisy, reservedly.

"You should have been to the Secret Session, though," said Miss Vickard.

"But I was!" replied Daisy.

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," said her hostess, adding, "only the Board are ever allowed to be present at that."

Daisy decided to accept amiably the correction, so long as the doings of the Secret Session were still left to her as a revealed story, even though a comic one, at that.

"Come, now, do let me propose your name at the next meeting, Miss Wilder," urged Miss Vickard. "We need a Boston member to bring us wisdom."

And Daisy declined to dispute this, too, for she quite agreed with her hostess that extra wisdom was needed; but she refused to be cajoled or patronized into becoming a member

of the exclusive Memory Club, and in response to her hostess's query, "Have you not some ancestor you are proud of, Miss Wilder?" she replied, "Oh, ever so many! and one in particular. He was in the fire brigade."

This seemed to put an end to all further importunings; for it was evident that Miss Vickard's ideas of bravery were limited to that of the battle-field; and so the conversation upon the subject was concluded with the end of the homeward ride.

That night, at tea, the Memory Club furnished an inexhaustible subject of conversation, and Daisy was the one to introduce it, with a mathematical problem which she proposed to Mr. McBurnie, saying, "Mr. McBurnie, if I confide a secret (a very important secret, of course!) to seven persons, plus ten persons; and each one of the seven, plus ten, confides it to two others, as I do now to you and mine hostess, how many will know my secret?"

"Why, the whole world, of course," promptly replied Mr. McBurnie.

"Right, sir," said Daisy. "But," said she, "supposing that I never tell my secret at all, what then?"

And to this Mr. McBurnie replied as promptly, "Well, you are either an uncommonly wise woman, or your secret is not worth the name."

"Right again, sir," replied Daisy. "And that is the case of the wonderful Memory Club. They are uncommon young ladies, and they did not have any secret to tell, — and did not tell it! But then they excited our curiosity just the same; and their important business is still theirs to transact!" said Daisy.

"But who was that ancestor, Daisy, you had in the fire brigade?" asked Rosemary.

There was just a trace of justifiable pride in Daisy's reply: "He was Major-General Daniel Wilder, chief in command of the Ordnance Department in the Civil War."

"And a very effectual fire brigade it was!" said her host.

Fortunately, there were other and pleasanter memories of the holiday week, which only too soon came to its end; and as Daisy replaced her things in her trunk, she did so with the regret that life could not be one long holiday for her.

She expressed this thought to Rosemary, saying, "If life were only full of holidays, I should

be a much more interesting member of society than I am."

"Would the flowers in our little garden-boat on the beach grow in more perfection if the sun shone always on their unprotected heads, and the rains never fell to quench their thirst?" asked Rosemary.

The application was a forcible one, — and Rosemary's question admitted of no argument; for had not Daisy often wished that the rains would come to her garden family? of winds there was little need; but the rain had been a blessing so often denied the little garden by the sea that Rosemary's philosophy silenced all further rebellion by Daisy at her life of unhappiness.

"And it will not be long," continued Rosemary, "before you and I, Daisy, will be tending the flowers once again. If I should go before you do, Sam Meader and I will have the garden all planted for your coming. What is your choice of flowers?" asked Rosemary.

"Forget-me-nots, pansies (white ones, only)," replied Daisy.

"And poppies," suggested Rosemary.

"So be it, then," said Daisy.

"Poppies, white pansies, and forget-me-nots, — a national combination of red, white, and blue. 'Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!'" sang Daisy. "Oh, such a relief as it was to sing like that!" said Daisy, "without being told to report in the reception-room. And I must go back again," sighed she.

"Dear Daisy," said Rosemary, putting her arm about her friend's waist, "I wish that you did not feel so unhappy. Just try to do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you, and think, always, that the time will soon come when the forget-me-nots and the pansies will be ours, and the poppies will bring us rest and sleep."

Rest and sleep! No other but Rosemary McBurnie could speak such words; but Daisy had long ago said that Rosemary was unlike any other; and did she not speak the truth when, as a little child, she had said that Rosemary "belonged in cloudland where the angels live"?

Rest and sleep! the words conveyed to Daisy only the rest from her tiresome labors and trials of school-days, — the rest that would come with the summer days. To Rosemary, who shall say

what prompted the words, "Rest and Sleep"? For us, not to peer into the unrevealed future, but wait patiently for its revelations.

So Daisy returned to Bagley Hall, with Rosemary McBurnie's comforting words echoing in her ears: "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you;" and Rosemary treasured in her fragile hand Daisy's flower given her in parting, which seemed ever saying the message of

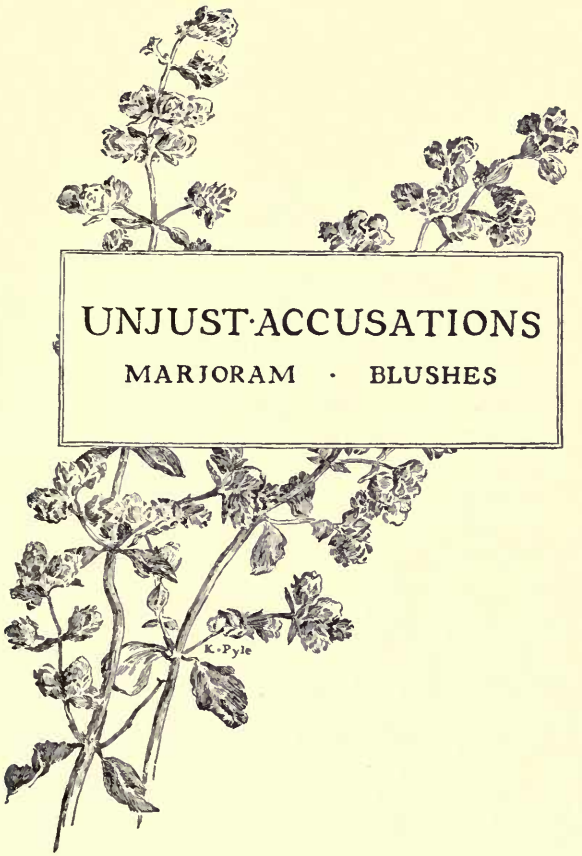
THE JAPONICA.

Japonica.

Impatience of Absence.

The days are laggards in their pace;
The hours as days go by.
I wait, — I watch, — to see her face;
And, seeing not, I sigh, —
Oh, Time, release from thy embrace
Her, at whose court I bow:
And when thou bring'st us face to face,
Be laggard then — as now!

Grace Le Baron.


UNJUST·ACCUSATIONS
MARJORAM · BLUSHES
K. Pyle

V.

UNJUST ACCUSATIONS.

MARJORAM. BLUSHES.

AND so the holiday week became a memory of the past to Daisy, with Rosemary McBurnie's sweetest smiles to shed their added halo over the seven days of unalloyed happiness; unless it might be said that Daisy's anticipated return to school was a shadow which, like a spectre, seemed always intruding itself between the present and the future.

But Daisy determined that her resolutions should never be fated, as were those of so many. She had resolved that Rosemary's gentle influence should be her guide through the rest of her school year at Hillside. Neither Miss Abigail nor Miss Lucindy should deter her; and Beulah Scilley should no longer bring out the worst traits of her character.

With such thoughts as these, Daisy entered the same dingy old conveyance which had

awaited her on her first journey to Hillside. This time, however, she was proof against any disturbing influence that might lie in waiting to test her moral strength; and even Miss Abigail's frigid manner and equally frigid greeting failed to affect her other than to wish that there might yet come a sympathy between them, which could prove of mutual help to them both.

"I trust that Miss Wilder has returned to school with good resolutions for the New Year," said Miss Abigail, as she made way for her pupil in the carriage.

"Yes, Miss Abigail," said Daisy, never for an instant betraying her recognition of the tinge of sarcasm which emphasized Miss Bagley's words; and the latter added, —

"And I trust also, Miss Wilder, that there will be no repetitions of last term's escapades."

Before Daisy's eyes there flitted in rapid succession all her so-called "escapades," for which, alas! she could find no excuses. Then a voice like that of Rosemary McBurnie seemed to speak through her conscience, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the whole world seem against you."

As if looking for encouragement and help, she

replied, "Miss Abigail, I have left behind me a good angel. Oh, such a sweet girl! — my dear friend Rosemary McBurnie; and I come back to Bagley Hall to try to be like her. Of course I never can be. I don't expect to be; but if I have her in my mind, I cannot help being better than I am now. Please help me, Miss Abigail. Just have a little more confidence in me, and I promise you, you shall never regret it. Will you please help me, Miss Abigail?"

As Daisy asked the question, she actually had the courage to place her hand within that other gaunt one, with the long bony fingers, and almost thought she felt a little tighter clasp than the one she gave, — a silent recognition of her own. She looked pleadingly into the angular-shaped face, in its frame of jute, and — could it be that the stern features relaxed, and the lips struggled to give back a smile? At least, Daisy liked to think so; for it must be said, a look unknown until then overspread Miss Abigail's face, — a look of mingled pity and newborn sympathy; a belief in the young girl at her side, — which prompted the words, —

"Miss Wilder, we will help each other."

And so was won Daisy's first victory! But

another foe was to be vanquished. The battle might be long, but victory must come to her.

On her arrival at Bagley Hall, Daisy went immediately to her room. With trembling hand she knocked at the door, to learn if her roommate had taken possession before her. She had studied long over her greeting to Beulah Scilley, for she did not wish to betray, in word or manner, a shadow of her old-time prejudice and dislike.

As Beulah opened wide the door, Daisy put out her hand, and said in her happiest manner, "Here I am, Miss Scilley!"

The latter replied, indifferently, "I was not expecting you until to-morrow, Miss Wilder; but, of course, one day is the same as another."

If Daisy felt the disappointment conveyed in the greeting, she did not betray it, but said with a smile, "Oh, you see I could not stay away from you any longer."

No response to this little bit of badinage from Beulah Scilley; and Daisy began to try to make herself at home. True, the tea hour was the same solemn affair as ever, and Daisy's sharpened appetite yearned, not only for the delicacies of the McBurnies' larder, but, as well,

for the merry conversation that "waited on appetite."

The welcome which her companions gave to Daisy in the social hour that followed was a touch of sincerity that more than ever appealed to her tender yearning heart, and was the one pleasant memory of her re-entrance into the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School."

. . . . . .

And the next day found Daisy at her books again.

She might be as obtuse as the angles she dealt with, but she resolved it should not be from lack of application; and her struggles with the "unknown" were commendable for her persistency to become better acquainted with that letter of the alphabet which, despite all her efforts, threatened to remain not an "x," but a daily cross to her.

With Beulah Scilley were her most disheartening efforts; for the former's persistent refusal to meet her even halfway caused Daisy many a heart-ache, and the consciousness that to do one's "duty" was not as easy as some would make her believe. There was ever that same forbidding reserve to contend with, that

secretiveness, that Daisy not only distrusted, but could not sympathize with. In short, Daisy's efforts to come in closer intimacy with Beulah Scilley were always repulsed. Beulah refused to be cajoled, in any way, into anything which might lead to familiarity. And the days went on, bringing little encouragement to Daisy, with Beulah's continued indifference.

Occasionally, the air was full of girlish pranks, persisted in by some of the pupils; but Daisy had resolved that Welsh rarebits might be served, but her dreams should not become nightmares of indigestion and complicity. Indeed, the Misses Bagley seemed to look to Daisy with a respect, as never before. At times, it almost appeared to Daisy that the two sisters were her greatest helpers.

Only Beulah Scilley, as before said, remained for Daisy's conquest. Yet Daisy had resolved no patronizing manner on her part should accomplish it; but conquest she had determined upon. But how? She had, she thought, tried every honest suggestion, and still without the desired result. She waited the coming. Was it already on the way?

As usual, it was her diary that became her

closest, because her most confidential friend. In it, she wrote after a night of vigil and anxiety: —

"*Two* A. M. — Beulah Scilley is asleep at last! Poor girl! I have been up with her all night. She would not let me call the Misses Bagley, and so I have bathed her head, and chafed her hands, and at last she is asleep; but she looks so pale. She seemed grateful for every little thing I did for her.

"Once, I almost fancied she asked me to be her friend; for when her fever was running high, she rambled in her delirium, and once, she grasped my hand and said (I wonder if she knew what she was saying?), 'You won't leave me, Daisy? Say that you will stay by me, and never — never leave me.' And now she is sleeping, and I am going to sleep, too. Good-night."

The morning found Beulah Scilley better, but very weak, but, alas! more silent than ever, if possible; and the studies of the day commenced.

In the recess hour that followed, there came a messenger to Room Number Ten, with the word that "Pupil Number Ten, Miss Wilder of Boston, will please report in the reception-room, after the recitations of the day are over."

Again and again Daisy read the message. Again and again she tried to read between the lines, and finally decided that the Misses Bagley wished a confidential talk with her upon school matters; for of late she had recognized the happy change in their manner to her, — a change which had its birth with Daisy's confidence with Miss Abigail, when the two rode together from the station, after Daisy's return from her holiday vacation.

So she decided upon the meaning of the note, while the convictions of her conscience, speaking through Rosemary's comforting words, gave her additional courage for the meeting: "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

To her illness of the night, Daisy credited Beulah's silence, more marked even than usual. She became solicitous for the latter's health, and said, "I am so glad that you are better, Miss Scilley; for I am such a poor nurse, and you seemed so sick. Why do you not let me ask Miss Abigail to excuse you from recitations; you look pale yet. Shall I?" asked Daisy, in well-meant sympathy.

"No, no! please do not, Miss Wilder! Please

do not speak of my illness of last night to Miss Bagley!" replied Beulah, in a more excited manner than was common to her. "It can be of no use now; it is all over," she continued, "and — I thank you for your care, but I do not feel quite right anywhere;" and a look on her pale face seemed to give truth to the statement that she was not quite right anywhere, either in mind or body. No, something was evidently disturbing the usual indifference of Miss Beulah Scilley.

Later, Daisy left her alone, to respond to the call of the morning, "to report in the reception-room after the lessons of the day are over." Her step was firm, as her conscience was light, although she could not disguise the trace of nervousness that was noticeable, as she entered the little reception-room in response to the "Come in!" of Miss Lucindy; but it was only the nervousness of uncertainty over the object of her visit. Smilingly, she entered; totally unprepared for the chill reception accorded her by the Misses Bagley, who sat side by side in the straight-backed chairs of their ancestors.

Daisy's words of greeting froze upon her lips, at the icy reception given her by the two sisters,

and, automaton-like, she followed their bidding to "Sit down, Miss Wilder."

The minute's silence which followed only seemed to emphasize the suspense which Daisy felt. Her youthful mind travelled back to her home, — to her mother and father. "Oh, if they were only here!" she thought. Then to Rosemary, who had never seemed wholly of this world. With the presence of these three by her side, she felt that she could face a world of accusers; for, as was intended by the Misses Bagley, their manner towards their pupil seemed to say, "You are in disgrace!"

Daisy was aroused from her reveries of home by Miss Abigail, who, in that stern manner once so familiar, propounded the question to her pupil, "What were you doing last night, Miss Wilder? Give an account of yourself. You did not have many hours of sleep, did you?"

Under other circumstances, Daisy would have told of her night's vigil over Beulah Scilley; but as she recalled the excited manner in which the latter had asked her to say nothing of her illness, she felt she would respect her room-mate's wishes, as far as she could, especially as her conscience,

in its voice of innocence, would plead for itself and for her.

"No, Miss Abigail," replied she, in her honest words, "I did not sleep very well."

"No, probably not," said Miss Abigail, as if satisfied with her introductory examination. "And perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me what time you did retire," continued Miss Abigail. "You know, I presume, that lights are out at eight thirty."

Well, very well, Daisy remembered the day she first learned that rule of Bagley Hall, and her rebellious spirit of the hour. Where was it now? She could not feel even bitterly towards her two judges, now sitting in judgment over her innocent life; and she replied to the question, "Yes, Miss Abigail, I know the rules; and our lights were out at that time, and lighted again afterwards."

"At what time did you say?" quizzingly asked Miss Abigail.

"I really do not know, Miss Abigail; but it was after midnight, for I did not get to sleep until nearly three o'clock this morning."

"Three o'clock!" repeated the sisters, in horror; and Daisy, in her ignorance of what

was the cause of all the examination, answered the questions put to her with the same brevity, telling always the truth, and wishing that there were no restrictions over the whole truth, yet hardly knowing how much might not be involved in her answers; for — was not Beulah Scilley another witness of the night? — and she had yet to feel a confidence in her roommate.

"Three o'clock, Miss Wilder, is rather a late hour to prepare for a rising bell at six thirty," said Miss Lucindy, in a very sarcastic way. "You must be very tired, from such a short nap."

"I am, Miss Lucindy," quietly replied Daisy; "very tired; but Miss Scilley was — "

Daisy was on the point of saying that Miss Beulah Scilley had had no more sleep than she, when Miss Lucindy interrupted, saying, "Miss Scilley has already told us all."

To Daisy, the one thought intruded itself, "What has Miss Scilley told?" She felt, however, the barrier was in a measure taken away, and with her freedom came her words, "Very well, Miss Lucindy, if Miss Scilley has told you of our night, I cannot tell you any more."

"Yes, Miss Scilley has told us all, and that she left you writing when she went to sleep," said Miss Lucindy.

And was that the way that Beulah Scilley had shown her gratitude towards Daisy, for the latter's careful nursing! "Surely," thought Daisy, "she might have helped in my defence, for of course if she has told all about the night she has told of her sickness. Then why did she ask me to say nothing about it?" Daisy could not understand, nor could she help wishing that Beulah Scilley might have spared her all this humiliation; for humiliation it was, since it was not in Daisy's power fully to explain herself. With the thought that Beulah had told all, or some of the all, Daisy answered boldly, "Yes, Miss Scilley is right. She did leave me writing, for I watched her off to sleep."

"Watched over Miss Scilley, did you say?" repeated Miss Lucindy, with a sneer, and Miss Abigail interrupted to ask, "And who watched over you, Miss Wilder?"

"The same One who watched over you," replied Daisy, reverently, as with a trembling voice she added, "and He believes me."

"Come! come!" said Miss Abigail, impatient

to close the interview, "why do you not give an account of your night's work, and confess?"

Confess! The word carried its accusation to Daisy, and she sat as if stunned for the moment. Confess! Should she attempt her defence by telling of her night's watching over Beulah Scilley? And why not? for, if Beulah had, as the Misses Bagley said, told all, she must at least have had to tell something of her illness. So Daisy commenced an explanation, prefacing her words with, "Miss Abigail, I have very little to confess."

"Very little, indeed!" interrupted the sisters. "These night escapades may seem very little to you, Miss Wilder, but we had commenced to think better things of you."

A little voice whispered in Daisy's ear, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

She repeated the words, "Escapades! escapades!" Then asked, "What escapades, Miss Abigail?"

But Miss Abigail persistently refused to be influenced, even in the least, by Daisy's innocent manner. Had her mind been poisoned by another? Had her heart's best thoughts been

turned aside into the old channel of distrust? She said in a most sarcastic manner, "A very innocent question to ask, Miss Wilder. Perhaps the cook can give you a better answer than we."

The plot seemed to grow more intricate than ever in Daisy's disturbed thoughts! Had she never once engaged in those night foragings in the cook's pantry, she would have been more in the dark than ever. Commanding all her resolution, she arose from her chair, as if to leave the room, but was hardly able to control the look of scorn that her lips betrayed.

Condemn her you who will! but find some charity in your heart for her, who, having faced her accusers in humility and innocence, could no longer control her indignation at being made to suffer the indignity of distrust and accusation.

Turning to the Misses Bagley, she said, as her little, lithe frame shook with emotion, but not passion, "Miss Abigail and Miss Lucindy, you have no right to question me in this way. I have told you I am innocent of any complicity or duplicity, and you should respect my words, as I have yours."

She was about to leave with these words, when Miss Lucindy called her back, saying, "Miss Wilder, your words would be more respected by us, were there not contradictory proofs of their truth. Will you examine this, Miss Wilder?" and Miss Lucindy passed into Daisy's outstretched hands — the latter's lace-trimmed handkerchief! and, as she looked at its pretty design, she read in one corner her own initials, "D. W."

"Unmistakable proof, Miss Wilder, is it not?" said Miss Lucindy, as she noted with grim satisfaction Daisy's manifest astonishment. "Unmistakable proof, Miss Wilder, is it not?" she repeated. "Found by the cook in her pantry this morning; left, perhaps, by accident; perhaps as a bribe for the silence of the cook, by the trespasser. Are you satisfied who that trespasser was?"

Daisy's quick brain offered some explanation, but it was an explanation she was not justified, as yet, in giving to her accusers. She could wait. She replied, "Yes, Miss Lucindy, this is mine." No more.

There she stood, convicted, for the moment, by circumstantial proof, and how to work out her

salvation seemed a problem. Apparently, the "world was against her now," if ever, and — had she not done her duty? She almost faltered in her belief of justice; but again that voice, that little voice, and again she took courage.

"Then you still refuse to confess, Miss Wilder?" said Miss Lucindy, as if determined to receive an answer favorable to conviction.

"I refuse positively to confess to that of which I know nothing," replied Daisy, in a strong voice. "May I be excused now, please?" she asked.

"In a few moments, Miss Wilder, after we have told you of our great disappointment in you," said Miss Abigail. "We had hoped for better things from you. Indeed, both my sister and myself had come to look upon you with pride and growing affection — "

"Affection! Could affection so soon give way to distrust?" thought Daisy; but her heart softened to her accusers, for she thought that she saw Miss Abigail thrust quickly her handkerchief into her pocket, while the sun, striking on her face, left Daisy in doubt whether or no

a teardrop glistened upon the wrinkled face of her preceptress.

Daisy chose to give Miss Abigail the benefit of the doubt, even though the latter's words were no proof of the affection she had once maintained for her pupil. Miss Abigail said, in the same stern voice, without a trace of emotion, "Your resignation will be accepted, Miss Wilder, at any time during the day you may choose to tender it; but we feel it our duty to make of you a public example."

To Daisy the first part of the verdict seemed a little concession. She was not to be turned away; but she was to ask to be turned away. The difference was only a mild distinction, to be sure, but she liked to think that perhaps the Misses Bagley's so-called affection had "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb." But — a public example! A public example! Surely humiliation upon humiliation seemed to threaten Daisy's innocence; and she had hard work to govern her resolutions, even though the still small voice in her ear seemed ever calling, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

She hurried from the room. Her eyes were

blinded in their veil of tears, and not even the loving embraces of her companions, who stood waiting along the corridors and up the stairs, in curious interest as to the issue of the hour, could bring peace to her troubled mind.

"It was good to be alone," she felt; alone with her thoughts, even though those thoughts brought despair, but not disgrace. She thought of her home, where her loving parents waited for her with open arms. Then, again, she saw in fancy Rosemary McBurnie's sweet face, and heard her saying those words of comfort, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

Had she not tried to steel herself to the world's unkindness and suspicion? Must she always be misunderstood, except by the few? Was not the world against her to-day? Thus she reasoned with her troubled heart. She tossed and tossed upon her little bed, and at last sobbed herself to sleep, tired out, and weary from crying.

How long she lay sleeping she did not know, but the moon was playing "peep boo" with the clouds, as if threatening rain, when she awoke. But hark! Hark! was it the coming storm outside, and the sighing of the tall pine-trees

bending to the winds, or was it a human sigh? —a sob?

Daisy sat up in her bed, and listened. Again it came, and still again, until in her nervousness she could bear it no longer. She called in a whisper, "Miss Scilley! Beulah Scilley!"

No answer to her call! Putting her hand over the little bed at her side, she ventured to take that of her room-mate, saying in another hoarse whisper, "Miss Scilley, is that you crying?" Again no answer. Still Daisy felt it was unmistakably Beulah Scilley who was crying, so, patting the latter gently, she tried to offer the comfort that her own bruised heart called for. "Don't cry, Miss Scilley," she said, with great tenderness of voice. "Don't cry. Is it because I am going away you are crying?" she asked.

But no answer came in response to her question, and Daisy continued her conversation with her silent listener, reasoning as her own heart dictated. "Only think," she said, "how much worse it might be! I might be guilty of what they accuse me, and deserve all this."

Still no answer from the bed at her side, although Daisy fancied she heard a smothered sob. "Yes," continued she, "it is better that I

should suffer for another, rather than that another should suffer for me."

Still no answer. The darkness of the room was lighted only by the fitful moon, and Daisy could not see if her companion had, — like herself once before, — sobbed herself to sleep.

Daisy arose, and, by the light of the little candle on her toilette table, continued her conversation with that other, her confidential friend, whose pages were always open to the secrets of her heart. By the light of the dimly burning candle she wrote in her diary: —

"Why is it, I wonder, that in the midst of my sorrow I feel so light-hearted? Something tells me that after this storm passes over, the sun will shine for me, — yes, for me.

"And yet why do I think so? when to-morrow, you and I together, little silent friend, — you and I, little book, — will start for home — and friends.

"Friends! there, that reminds me of my good friend Rosemary McBurnie, and my promise to send her always a messenger to tell if I am happy or miserable. Why, I am neither happy nor miserable, although — I am in disgrace."

So, stealthily creeping to the table, she took from between the leaves of the book where she

had pressed it, on that happy summer day, and folded, in an envelope addressed to her dear friend Rosemary, the dried spray and the dead blossom of the

MARJORAM.

Unjust Accusations.

Marjoram.
Blushes.

Upon my knee she sits enthroned, —
My little Margaret.
Ah, well-a-day, my little Queen!
My merry Margaret.
Her voice is blissful melody;
Her lips like budding rose;
And on her cheeks, sweet Innocence, —
The only blush she knows.
Ah, well-a-day!
My Margaret.

O Time, deal gently with my love, —
My little Margaret.
Alack-a-day! if sorrow change
My merry Margaret.
If Sin bring discord to her song,
Or blush of Shame should spread
Its hated breath upon her cheek,
I would that she were dead!
Alack-a-day!
My Margaret.

To Him I do commend thee!
His Love will sure defend thee;
His child He will confess thee.
And so I pray, "God bless thee!"
My merry little Margaret.

Grace Le Baron.

EXONERATED
Lily-of-the-Valley
Return of Happiness
K.P.

VI.

EXONERATED.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

WHEN Daisy awoke the next morning from her disturbed slumbers of the night, a cold rain, like sleet, was beating unmercifully against the windows. Long icicles hung from the trees outside, and everything seemed in keeping with Daisy's loneliness of heart.

Beulah Scilley had risen before her, and Daisy tried in every way to catch a stealthy look at the former's face, to see if she could discover any tell-tale trace of the night's tears. She fancied, as she saw Beulah reflected in the mirror, that the latter's eyes looked swollen from weeping, then satisfied herself, by another stolen glance, that it was only fancy, and returned to her first thought of the night, — that the sighing she had heard was but the soughing of the wind, and that she had held her conversation with an imaginary listener, and that her words of comfort had been misplaced.

"How hard it did rain last night!" she said to her room-mate. "Did you hear the trees blowing?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Beulah Scilley. "It looked like a storm when I came to bed, but you were asleep then."

"But I woke up later, and thought that I heard some one crying," said Daisy. "It must have been either the pines, or that old willow-tree down by the pond, swaying and bending to the wind; for, oh, how it blew! I thought at first it was you crying; but you never cry, do you, Miss Scilley?" asked Daisy, and added, "at least, I never saw you crying." Which was quite true. For if it had been Beulah Scilley who had so disturbed Daisy's night, the darkness had so hid her that the latter did not, in very truth, see her.

"I never saw you cry," repeated Daisy, as if wishing to be satisfied about the night's disturbance.

"No," replied Beulah Scilley; "I do not cry very often, and when I do, I do not intend to cry in public. Neither do I cry for trifles. Tears do not always indicate the worst suffering, for sometimes those who never cry suffer the most."

Daisy Wilder, as she studied closely the face of her room-mate, when she said these words, could only feel that the latter spoke from personal experience.

"Well, I like a real good cry myself, when anything troubles me," said Daisy. "Somehow tears are a great relief. Now, last night, I cried myself to sleep, and I feel better this morning for it; but I sha'n't shed another tear — for myself," she added, as if with a hidden meaning in her determination. "Not for a while, anyway, — not while I am here, at least; but then, that will not be long, for you know, I suppose, that I am going away in disgrace tomorrow, Miss Scilley."

"Yes," replied the latter; "Miss Abigail told me that you were to leave us soon. But I shall not stay long after you, Miss Wilder; and — I wish that I had never come!" Saying this, Beulah Scilley gave the open drawer before her a sudden push, that made the little old-fashioned mirror above it tremble.

"Oh, you will feel very differently, Miss Scilley, when I am gone. I never was the right one for your room-mate. We are so different in every way," said Daisy.

Inwardly, be it said, Daisy Wilder could not help feeling a bit of satisfaction, at the marked difference between herself and her room-mate; but the latter's quick reply astonished Daisy: "No, Miss Wilder, I do not think I was ever fitted to come in close companionship with any one. I was always very peculiar."

In the few weeks at the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School," Daisy had never before heard her room-mate talk so plainly to any one. She became amazed at even this little confidence displayed by her companion, and was at a loss to explain the sudden change in the latter. "Perhaps she, too, has been misunderstood through life," thought the sympathetic Daisy; "and I am as guilty as any one, for, I must confess, Beulah Scilley has always been a queer riddle to me."

"Well," said Daisy, "we are all peculiar in our way, I suppose. Now, when I was a little girl, mother was always afraid to let me go visiting much alone, because she said I told everything I knew; and you, Miss Scilley, are just the opposite, so the average is right. We were both born that way, and cannot help ourselves."

"No," interrupted Beulah Scilley; "I was not born this way! I was born with a frank, open nature like yours. But after my mother died (I never knew anything about my father, and know less now), my aunt took me to bring up, and my cousins were always making trouble for me, repeating things which I never said, and for which I was often wrongfully punished; until I determined I would not say anything, — in other words, I would just live to myself. So it was, that my whole nature became changed, and now it is too late — too late!" and the despair of Beulah's words was manifest in her face.

To Daisy, the change in Beulah Scilley, now so apparent, was painful rather than pleasing. It was like a crushing blow that fells the tall pine-tree of the forest, while the little saplings, in their sheltered homes, withstand the elements. To her, Beulah Scilley, with all her mysterious traits, was as the pine-tree in its pride; and now, some storm, some unknown conflict of the heart, seemed waging and breaking the proud spirit, that until now had defied everything.

Daisy's pity was awakened; forgetting all differences, forgetting all blinding suspicions, her

tender heart was moved to pity, and going to Beulah Scilley's side, she said, "I am sorry, Miss Scilley, that you have not told me all this before, for I might have helped you. We might have helped each other — and enjoyed each other so much — so much! but I shall go away with the feeling that I know you better now, for even this little bit of confidence that you have given me," said Daisy.

"Oh, but you don't know me! you don't know me!" persistently cried Beulah Scilley, almost in a frenzy of excitement.

"Well," said Daisy Wilder, trying to soothe the hysterical girl, "at least, I know enough, Beulah, to understand you better;" and Daisy trembled at her familiarity, for thus calling Miss Scilley, for the first time, by her Christian name; but the latter did not resent it, and Daisy even began to think that her conquest was on its way to ultimate victory.

"But," said Beulah Scilley, "you do not understand me, and never will, until — "

"Until you open your heart wide to me," interrupted Daisy.

"But I cannot! oh, I cannot!" cried Beulah, "for you will hate me when you see me as I

am!" and the tone of her voice implied how hard was the battle, how hard the conflict in the girl's heart.

"No, no," said Daisy. "I shall not hate you, I promise you. Never, Beulah." And Beulah, as she looked inquiringly into Daisy's face, as if for confirmation of the latter's words, repeated interrogatively, "Never?" with an expressed doubt as to the possibility of being loved by any one, and, above all, by Daisy Wilder.

During the conversation, not a tear had been shed by Beulah, but the wearied look in her eyes indicated the storm-tossed soul within, and was convincing proof of her words, — "sometimes those who never cry suffer the most."

Daisy regretted the intrusion of the breakfast-bell, just at the important moment when she began to feel that Beulah Scilley was leading up to some greater confidence, to test her professed faith and love. But death alone was the one only condition to break through the immutable laws of Bagley Hall! and the call to breakfast was not one to be ignored, — this solemn call to a still more solemn hour; for all the meals had a solemnity and a silence. And the two girls

descended to the dining-room, — the one with the sweetness of innocence about her, the other with an indescribable something, known only to herself, to distract her peace of mind and destroy her appetite.

With a strong, firm step, Daisy passed Miss Abigail, who, as usual, stood monitor at the dining-room door. Daisy felt her cheeks redden as she bade Miss Abigail and the rest "Good-morning."

Beulah Scilley, taking advantage of the situation, stole quietly away to her corner of the table, without even the customary nod of recognition to any one. It was Daisy Wilder who became the cynosure of all eyes, her companions desiring to show by kindlier smiles than ever before, even, their sympathy and love for their schoolmate, since the news of Daisy's enforced leave had now reached their knowledge.

The Misses Bagley looked in vain for any signs of contrition from Daisy Wilder; for none were visible upon the latter's honest face.

So is it that innocence brings with it a strength that guilt fails to command, — the strength that comes with a clear conscience. And the little voice still whispered its helpful message, "Do

your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

Somehow, the breakfast seemed interminably long to Daisy, and she could not help but note the improvement in the coffee; for the whole family were served, from the one silver urn, to coffee, not chiccory, as heretofore.

The breakfast over, Daisy went to her room to prepare for the going away of to-morrow. She was now no longer a pupil of the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School." She had only one command left to heed, and that was to "Come to Recitation Room A" at a later hour. She craved another conversation with Beulah Scilley, but knew how impossible it would be, since every hour was one of recitation until she should meet her in the room below; for — was she not to submit to a greater humiliation? What, she knew not!

Daisy unlocked her trunk, and stood looking into it, as if looking into Pandora's magic box, as if trying to make it responsible for all the "Troubles" which had come to her with that first opening of it, when she had hidden away the pretty pink silk as being unsuitable to the hour and place; but while she stood in reverie,

Hope came to her, even as to Pandora in her tribulation and disturbed peace of mind. Some good angel seemed ever whispering of that which would reinstate her; and that voice spoke to her, as to Pandora and Epimetheus in their troubles, and bade her hope. To her, the voice spoke those same words of comfort, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

As Daisy laid trinket after trinket and box after box in the depths of her trunk, a new strength came to her, and she worked diligently, her thoughts ever turning, now, to her home, anon, to Rosemary McBurnie; while the fear of wounding the hearts of those she loved was a greater grief than any perplexity of the present hour to her. But was she not innocent? And they would believe her! With that knowledge came strength to bear, strength to suffer.

A messenger at the door reminded Daisy that the hour had come for her appearance in "Recitation Room A." For what? she dared not question even of her own innocent heart. True, that threat of a "public example" had not as yet been carried out, and she felt that the coming hour was to be the last chapter in her story of

humiliation. She bestowed unusual care upon her hair, and with an uncommonly bright ribbon at her throat she obeyed the summons.

She entered the room, and took in at a glance the sombre dresses of her schoolmates, although a little bunch of flowers worn by each girl seemed to scatter its fragrance, and speak to her its message of love and confidence. She was, as ever, strong in her conviction of right; strong, as ever, in the companionship of her innocence. What had she to fear? The world might, as now, seem against her; hers to be brave! And she faced her accusers, the Misses Bagley, with a firmness and innocence of look and manner, that seemed, she thought, for the moment to disarm them both.

Miss Lucindy picked vigorously at her rusty mitts, and Miss Abigail twisted nervously her jute curls. Calmly, yet not in defiance, Daisy Wilder stood to hear her accusers. It was Miss Abigail who first addressed the pupils, drawing a significant lesson from this hour of Daisy's undeserved humiliation. She told of the uses of discipline, of the punishment of transgressors of law and order; more especially, of that punishment that must be inflicted upon those who

defied the discipline and laws of Bagley Hall, — a discipline and laws that must be maintained for the success and good reputation of the school.

Then Miss Lucindy gave her share of admonition, addressing her words more particularly to Daisy Wilder herself, who stood by, not cast down, either in look or heart. She could have wished it otherwise; that those whom she loved, and loved her so well, might have been spared all this anxiety for her, their schoolmate. This seemed to be Daisy's regret of the hour as she listened.

"And now, Miss Wilder," said Miss Lucindy, in closing her remarks, "what have you to say in your own defence? It is not yet too late."

Miss Lucindy waited for Daisy's answer, which the latter gave promptly, and in a firm voice, "Miss Lucindy, I have nothing to say that would please either you or Miss Abigail."

"You hear, young ladies," said Miss Lucindy, turning to the pupils, "you hear that Miss Wilder stands convicted by her own lips;" and as Miss Lucindy said the words, a look of satisfaction overspread her wrinkled face, which, it must be said, had until now worn just a shadow,

expressing the doubt in her mind of Daisy Wilder's guilt.

Indeed, if the truth were told, both Miss Abigail and Miss Lucindy had been hoping that some other tribunal than the one over which they presided would settle the question of Daisy Wilder's innocence, and the guilt of the unknown transgressor of the rules of Bagley Hall.

"Miss Wilder has confessed, you see," continued Miss Lucindy.

"I have confessed to nothing, Miss Lucindy!" interrupted Daisy, in a determined, though still respectful manner.

"Then will you be kind enough, Miss Wilder, to explain your words: that you can say nothing that we, my sister and myself, would be pleased to hear," said Miss Lucindy.

"I meant just this, Miss Lucindy," said Daisy: "that you think me guilty of everything of which you accuse me, and I could never make you believe anything else."

"And do you still mean to say, Miss Wilder," said Miss Lucindy, "that you are not the offender?"

"I do, Miss Lucindy," replied Daisy.

"Can you tell us, then, who was the offender,

Miss Wilder? Or have you any suspicions of another to help establish your own innocence?" inquired Miss Lucindy; and Daisy Wilder replied, —

"No, Miss Lucindy, I do not know who was the offender; and if I have any suspicions, they could be nothing but suspicions, and I have no right to clear my own name from disgrace by bringing shame upon another's."

The quiet way in which Daisy said these words took from them the charge of open rebuke to her elders; but it set them to thinking, as never before, and made them more charitably disposed towards the helpless young girl standing before them. Could it have been possible to have revoked Daisy Wilder's sentence of expulsion, without humiliation on their part, it is to be feared that the Misses Bagley would have done so.

Again, Miss Lucindy called attention to the damaging fact, — the "circumstantial proof," as she called it, — to the little piece of lace finery, which, it must be allowed, was the one only bit of evidence against Daisy Wilder's complicity, if nothing else, in the night's escapade of which she alone stood accused.

Daisy attempted no strong argument against this evidence, and injury to her case, except to say, "I cannot explain more than I have, Miss Lucindy. I repeat that I am innocent of this whole charge against me;" and Daisy's voice resounded from one corner of the recitation-room to the other. Innocence, determination, and indignation all in the words: "I am innocent of this whole charge against me."

Over in the farthest corner of the room sat one in whose face were the marks of the conflict that had been going on in her heart; and as Daisy uttered the words, "I am innocent!" a voice, strong even in its feebleness of emotion, cried out emphatically, —

"Yes, she is innocent! It is I who am guilty!"

Teachers and pupils followed the voice to the farthest corner; and a look of surprise betrayed itself upon all their faces, as the self-accused — Beulah Scilley — stood up to face her audience! It was the Misses Bagley who seemed to be the most surprised, as it was Daisy Wilder who appeared the least so.

To the former, Beulah Scilley had been the one of all others whose conduct had seemed

to them unimpeachable. To the latter, young as she was, there had always been that indefinable something which had poisoned her youthful mind with suspicion and prejudice; but now, as Beulah Scilley stood before her, in her helplessness, Daisy felt a sympathy for her companion which had its birth with the little confidential talk above stairs in the early morning. The night of tears was all explained now; but the humiliation of Beulah Scilley was not the explanation Daisy would have chosen.

A solemn hush followed Beulah Scilley's confession, — a moment of embarrassment to all except her; for, with her confession, the burden at her heart was removed, and the proud girl's whole nature was convulsed, and she gave vent to an outburst of tears and sobs pitiful to listen to. Daisy begged that she might lead her companion away to the peace of their quiet room. But, no, Beulah had one more word to say before she should accept of Daisy's gentle kindnesses.

She had not intended, she said, that any one should suffer for her misdeed when she committed it. The little lace-trimmed handkerchief was not left behind her as a decoy. That was

purely an accident. She had been tracing its letters (Daisy Wilder having lent it to her for that purpose), and it must have fallen from her belt when she trespassed upon the cook's domains; for, "I was so hungry!" said Beulah, in such a pathetic tone that all the girls sympathized with Beulah's physical state of hunger, even if they could not at once forgive the latter for bringing upon their beloved schoolmate, Daisy Wilder, so much trouble; but, following Daisy's example, each girl vied with the other to express a new confidence in the self-accused Beulah, and judgment was suspended for the time being.

Alone with Daisy, Beulah opened her aching heart anew to her; and as the door of "Room Number Ten" closed against all intruders, the latter said, "Oh, I have so wanted to tell you everything, Daisy, but I could not! I knew you must hate me, and I have hated myself. Although I am so miserable now, I am happier, far happier, than I have been for weeks. And you won't quite hate me, Daisy? You will love me just a little, — just a little, Daisy?" urged Beulah. "I might have been different if I had been better understood — and never come here!"

And Daisy! Did she not know full well what that one word meant? Understood! She had entered the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School" a merry-hearted girl, but suspicion and ill-meted discipline had made another person of her, and she longed for the time when honest fun could be tolerated, and not frowned upon as something to be deplored.

And that time was coming! Even now its promise was heralded, for the Misses Bagley had been given new light, and already were led to examine themselves by the dawning of love and charity, which crept into their hearts with the lesson of the hour. Carefully they examined their mode of discipline, their laws of compulsory obedience, and promised a reformation, in which obedience should be tempered with better judgment.

And the victory was Daisy Wilder's! She it was who had vanquished every enemy to her happiness at Bagley Hall. And the little voice in her ear seemed still saying, by way of encouragement in the future and in justification of the past, "Do your duty, and nothing can harm you, even though the world seem against you."

Exonerated.

Before night, the Angel of Peace spread its wings over Bagley Hall, bringing forgiveness for Beulah Scilley, and from out Daisy Wilder's "Pandora box" came Hope for future happiness with the reconciliation that came to all. The struggle had been a hard one for Daisy, but she could bid defiance to it now, with the return of sunshine, the return of happiness; and she hastened to cheer the heart of her friend, Rosemary McBurnie, by sending to her a fragrant spray of the

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Lily of the Valley.
Return of Happiness.

Oh, my life was full of Sorrow,
Yesterday!
Long I pleaded that the Morrow
Bring To-day!
Bring the sunshine of the Morrow;
So I bade adieu to Sorrow,
Yesterday.

For the sunshine with the Morrow.
Came To-day!
Banished Care, and banished Sorrow,
Yesterday!
Joy bells, ringing in the Morrow;
Told the going out of Sorrow,
Yesterday!

Grace Le Baron.

At the Mercy of the Sea

VII.

AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA.

SWEET PEA. DEPARTURE.

MEANTIME, the little island which had been to Rosemary and Daisy a summer home since earliest childhood, still opened its harbor of refuge to shelter and protect the unlucky crafts that did not heed the warning call of the bell buoy off the Bar, or the revolving light in the light-house top; but the winter thus far had been one of peace and freedom from disaster, for only a heavily laden coal barge had accepted of the hospitality thus offered.

To be sure, anxiety and prayers for its safety had for a brief hour disturbed the hearts of those on shore, as they watched the black object battling with the elements; but when it dropped anchor in the harbor of safety, excitement was over, and the island relapsed into its quietude, where "wars" never came, and where "rumors of wars" only reached when the mail came in, which of late had lost a little of its accustomed

regularity, for the old "Farmer's Almanac" had rightly said, "About now, cold, with harsh, variable weather, and high winds."

So news from the "continent" became infrequent, and life on the island was a singularly quiet one, rarely disturbed in its peace except as now and then, with the "passing away" of one or another of its octogenarians, which was always commented upon as "a happy change" by those who were left to testify to the virtues and the usefulness of the long life ended in glory.

In some way, news of Beulah Scilley's humiliation had reached the island (it was even said, however, that Beulah herself had furnished the account), although Daisy Wilder's name had never been mentioned in connection with the story that reached Beulah's home. The account, as received, was viewed in every light, and much justice was done all, by the honest criticism of the islanders, whose loyalty bound them together in clannish union.

Said Mrs. Tobey, "an old inhabitant," "Well, the poor thing never had any mothering, and the Lord knows, Mrs. Barney's hands and heart were full without her;" and the former's hus-

band, an old superannuated captain who lived always in a past over which Neptune reigned supreme, replied, "Yes, wife, that girl Beulah was jest a leetle bit too much o' ballast, there!" Which was all quite true.

But to return. Life in the winter on the island was quite in contrast to that when the summer visitors came, with the rumbling of baggage-wagons, and a love in their hearts for the natural beauties and advantages of their summer home. The occupations of the islanders themselves changed, too, with the seasons.

At the first sign of winter, old Sam Barnard (whose years even had never given to him other than that of the nickname "Breezy Barnard," because of his vivacity — a mild name to give his weakness! — which, however, Father Time had in no small measure crushed out of the old man's nature), would retire to his boat-house on the wharf, and with trembling fingers mend his time-worn fishing-nets, that they might be ready for another season; and later the old man would bring out his pets, his twin rowboats, the "Swan" and the "Cygnet," to receive their new coat of paint, that they might be launched upon the waters and do their share in enter-

taining and, too, in increasing Sam's weekly revenue.

The engine, whose speed had so disturbed Mrs. Valentine, was seemingly tired out and resting, — as were Mrs. Valentine's nerves. Mild jollifications, such as family teas and the like harmless amusements, were indulged in, as if to reunite the bond of relationship which the summer life had separated, but not severed. One hostelry kept open its doors to catch the stray traveller who lingered longer than his companions, that he might hear the roar of old Ocean; and old Ocean, true to its birthright, roared just now as never before.

The weather-wise old captains sat in conclave over a storm that was brewing, as indicated by the signals of one wiser than they, booked in storm and tempest lore.

And it came at last! — came, with all its fury of white-capped waves, that beat against the sea wall on the south side of the island, till the high bluff seemed to grow weaker with every tempest, with every storm.

The wind and the snow had their little game of battledoor and shuttlecock; and the night closed in! — just as the night closed in upon

the "Leviathan" in those other days, which recalled themselves anew to the sorrowful heart of the Widow Valentine with every such storm as the present one.

Again she looked out on the night!

Again she prayed the prayer that God would care for "those who go down to the sea in ships!" And many hearts responded to her cry, for the fury of that storm was one that must ever remain imprinted in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of the little island.

Again Mrs. Valentine and her daughter Phœbe sat together, each trying to shut from her own knowledge, and that of the other, the wildness of the storm outside, by an attempt at conversation. It was the night following a visit from Beulah Scilley's aunt, Mrs. Barney, when the latter had taken her neighbors, the Valentines, into her confidence, and said, —

"Beulah always was a singular child. I never could find that girl's heart, when she was young, and I never have since. My sister, when she died (poor thing!), put Beulah in my care until her father should come back to claim her; but Richard Scilley will never quit his roving life of a sailor long enough to land on this island to

put in his claim. He was a good-for-naught always, — yes, even when Susan J. married him. But I meant the girl should have an education, at any rate, and how I have scrimped and scrimped to send her to that fashionable boarding-school! And now, just see!"

And as Mrs. Barney finished the story of Beulah's short life, she seemed to look as she felt, — that the latter had disgraced herself and everybody belonging to her. It was to be deplored, that with the story of Beulah's disgrace there could not have come that other of her new life at Bagley Hall, and that helpful friendship with Daisy Wilder.

No, Mrs. Barney never had found the way to Beulah's heart. Indeed, it may almost be doubted if she ever had the time to do so. She had had her own little brood to guard and look after, and Beulah Scilley had been to her only another care; but she had tried to do her duty by the girl as well as she knew how; yet, as Captain Tobey had wisely said, "Beulah Scilley had been an unneeded bit o' ballast." It had remained, then, as has been seen, for Daisy Wilder to become the successful explorer of that organ of Beulah Scilley's anatomy.

"Who was Beulah's father?" asked Phœbe Valentine of her mother, as the two sat together the night of the storm. "Mrs. Barney does not seem to have any too much love for her brother-in-law. Who was he?"

"Oh, some off-islander, I believe," replied Mrs. Valentine, intimating in her tone that, as Richard Scilley was an *off*-islander, the islanders were not to be held responsible for any of his shortcomings.

"And was he ever a sea captain?" again inquired Phœbe, with a desire, let it be said, to engage her mother in conversation, and so make her oblivious to the sound of the storm outside, rather than in any real interest which she had in the fortunes and fate of Richard Scilley.

"Oh, no," replied her mother; "I doubt if Richard Scilley ever aspired to so high a place in the world as that. Although, as Mrs. Barney says, he has always been a good-for-naught, yet I am disposed to agree with Captain Coleman, who met him out in Australia, and think with him, Scilley was a 'misfortunate.' He has always led a roving life, — sometimes that of a landsman, but oftener, I think, that of a

sailor (although I believe he has been a Jonah on every ship he sailed with!); but nothing has now been heard from him for many, many years."

"And his wife, what of her, mother?" interrupted Phœbe.

"Well, between you and me," replied her mother, "I never thought Susan J. just the right balance-wheel for him. But she is dead and gone, poor thing! — and perhaps he is, too, as to that. I do not like to be uncharitable, but I must say, though, that I think, from what I have heard of him, he was always too light-headed to go to the bottom of the sea: he would float in any storm. But there! it is all hearsay with me. He started for the Australian gold fields full of visions; but Captain Coleman says everything went wrong with him from the outset, and finally, when the news came of his wife's — Susan J.'s — death, he lost heart entirely. Such unfortunates need our sympathy as well as censure. I never saw the man in my life, but they tell me that Beulah favors her mother in looks. Peculiar girl! but I cannot say what has made her so, — inheritance or education."

So Phœbe Valentine did not pursue further her investigations of Richard Scilley, "the misfortunate," and soon she and her mother retired to their rooms for the night, Mrs. Valentine with an ominous feeling that such a storm must bring disaster.

And disaster came!

At midnight, the discordant sounds of the town-crier's signal-horn announced to the sleepers in all its horror, "Wreck on the south side of the island!" To many, as to the Widow Valentine, it brought sad memories; for to the latter it came with that anniversary of an hour which had for almost half a century been her "reckoning day."

All was excitement in the usually quiet town, for was it not the time when

> "Men must work;
> And women must weep;
> And the harbor bar lies moaning"?

Stout hearts responded to the cry of alarm, and brawny hands were outstretched to aid in the work of rescue, already begun by that valiant company of men who, through the dark watches of the night, become in reality their "brother's keeper," as they patrol the long beach and defy

the elements, ever ready to respond to "Ship ahoy!" with the life-line and manly courage and bravery!

It was a vivid picture,— that scene of disaster!

The long, unbroken stretch of beach, strewn with wreckage, which the storm-tossed ocean was ever bringing to the feet of the excited crowd on shore!

The high bluff, shaking and quivering under the strain, as if threatening dissolution from its parent, Mother Earth!

Lanterns, up and down the shore at intervals, only served to add to the gloom of the darkness and threatening death!

The voices of the men seemed as whispers to the hoarse roars of the mighty ocean, tossing and seething in its anger!

Off in the stormy waters, outlined against a background of darkness and despair, was the ship that cried for succor! Her tall masts bend to the ruthless fury of the gale, and their fall sounds like a prolonged cry of misery, which, when the roll shall be called, will be echoed in the brave hearts of the crew, when it will be known that some of their companions have been swept away in the darkness!

Every man on shore knew the peril that threatened that sailor family, as through the fitful flashes of the distress signals could be seen the struggle the sailors were making for life!

Lifeboats were useless in such a wild night, but hands were ever ready and outstretched to man them, if need be! The one thought was, rescue, in the minds of all, whether clinging with benumbed hands to the rigging, or standing eagerly anxious to succor their brothers in peril!

"The life-line! The life-line!" was the cry; and as the life-line sped through the dark night of warning, eyes peered into the darkness, waiting, watching, for the issue. Alas! it has failed on its errand! And another, and another, follows the flash of the howitzer, and the prayers of those who send them!

At last! At last! God be praised! The hoarse, prolonged cry from those on shore finds a response from the grateful hearts of those in jeopardy at sea, although the lips falter in their weakness, as the benumbed hands grasp the life-line that will bring with it prolonged misery to some, but help to others, who can still fight

the raging of the sea and the battle for life! The moments seem interminable to the waiting, anxious crowd, whose hands tremble with eager expectancy, as the life-line starts on its return mission, with its weight of benumbed humanity!

By the dim light of the lanterns, the pale faces of the sailors are visible in their mute appeal for help. To some it has come too late, for it is found some lips are stilled forever, and the crowd bend in reverence, to Him, the Saviour of Souls, the Conqueror! The work of the resuscitation of the rest is now the demand of the hour; and the weary eyelids open, and the feeble lips try their very utmost to speak the thankfulness of the heart, while the dawning daylight reveals the havoc of the night!

Such was the wreck of the "Meteor," on that winter's night.

. . . . . .

It was a slow, almost disheartening experience for the brave survivors of that night of terror, in their efforts to recover from its exposures; and as, one by one, the sailors bade "adieu" to their benefactors, the links in memory's chain became sundered, and the former started out again in their life upon the waters, while the

latter comprehended anew the story of the Good Samaritan; but the wreck of the ill-fated ship remained beaten about by the waves, a monument to those of its crew who gave up their lives on that night, and slept in Eternity's waters.

Amongst the temporary homes offered the few survivors of that storm, none opened wider its door than that of the Widow Valentine, who, with her daughter Phœbe, stood ready in such an hour of emergency to interpret, in its most sacred meaning, the Golden Rule. With the aid of an old woman, who in her younger days had been a most efficient nurse and still had a liking for the profession, Mrs. Valentine and Phœbe watched with loving care over the sailor committed to their keeping, although his case did not respond satisfactorily to the nursing bestowed upon him, for convalescence was slow.

Little could be learned of the sick man, even from his shipmates, save that the latter had once looked upon him as a weak-minded man, who seemed always to be living in a life of regret. It was to one of these sailors that Mrs. Valentine turned for some further knowledge of him whose helplessness appealed to her tender motherly heart.

"What do I know of him, ma'am? is it you ask? Nothing," said the man thus addressed.

"What! not even his name?" asked Mrs. Valentine. "Then, pray, how did you address him?"

"Oh, ay, ay, ma'am; we had a name for him, and you can call him the same if you like. This is the way of it;" and the shipwrecked sailor, to whom the Fates had been kind, and restored to his old-time self, commenced to explain the circumstances that led to the naming of the unknown.

"We had put into port off the coast of Africa, and one day the captain came back to the ship with this man in tow. (You see we were one hand short, for the Swede, Carl Olson, — God rest his soul! — had, a little while before, entered Davy Jones' locker.) Well, as I was a-saying, the new hand came aboard with the captain, and of course we all wanted to be friendly with him, but we never had been told what his name was. So, one day, I made bold to ask him.

"Says I, 'Who are you, shipmate?'

"'I am a sinner,' says he.

"'Then we belong to the one family,' says I.

"Well, ma'am, that was all that we could get

from him, although all the crew lent a hand at trying to find out; but all the answer any of us got was, 'I am a sinner.'

"He did n't have very much to say to us. Silent, like, all the time. Leastwise, he seemed to be talking to himself for a good part; and when we boys would tease him, he always took our teasing good-natured enough; but he was always a-talking about — her! Some sweetheart, we supposed, for he was always a-saying, 'Poor girl! where is she now? oh, if I had n't left her! I must find her!'

"He seemed to the rest of us weak-minded, like; and yet there were days, ma'am, when he was as wise as the next one. Of course he was lovesick, or love-silly, whichever you please to call it; and finally he got to be known as 'Silly Sinner.' Oh, but he was sharp, though, I can tell you. He had his choice of names. Somehow, he did n't mind being called a 'Sinner,' but to be called 'Silly' was quite another thing. You should have seen him the day Steve Johnson called him 'Silly.' Why, his eyes looked fire and brimstone, and he just faced Steve and doubled up his fists to him, and said, 'No, not that! Don't you call me that, ever, man!' And

no one aboard that ship dared ever afterwards to call him 'Silly' again, though we all thought he was a bit weak-minded: and until that day we always called him harmless.

"No, ma'am, he did n't seem to mind it one bit if we called him 'Sinner,' and so he always went by the name of 'that Sinner' aboard ship for the rest of the voyage, — until we anchored, here in this harbor, at least. So now you have it, — all the name we know of, ma'am."

And this was all the satisfaction and information that Mrs. Valentine could gain of her patient. She did not look favorably upon his ship's name; and after a conversation with Phœbe, they both determined upon the favorite one given by the islanders to all who had no claims upon the island, and occasionally, be it said, bestowed upon those who felt, as did Rosemary McBurnie and Daisy Wilder, the name ill-fitted.

Yes, "Stranger," he must be called, and "Stranger" he would have to remain until the dulled senses should resume their work, and the wheels of Memory revolve more understandingly about a Past which seemed so veiled in obscurity and forgetfulness; for everything seemed blotted

from his mind, except that one night when he had clung to life with a tenacity ill-proportioned to his strength, and his Past dated only from that night of anxious vigil. Everything else seemed a blank to him. The physician held out only one hope, which was that as the shock had brought the climax, so perhaps it might be a return of reason would come with some other sudden emotion, that should open wide the doors of the Past, with the joy of a Present in the anticipations of a Future!

But the "Stranger" would sit for hours peering through his latticed blinds, and watching the ocean about him. He positively refused to have his blinds opened wide, — sometimes giving as an excuse that the light was painful to his eyes, but oftener expressing his fear that some one would see him; for he had a dislike to company, and avoided everybody but those who ministered so tenderly to him. And the Widow Valentine and her helpers never faltered in their care, the widow strengthened ever with the thought, "I am doing, as I would to God others might have done for — him." Once she tried to test the "Stranger's" strength, but, alas! with a result that only emphasized his weakness.

"How did you like a seafaring life, Stranger?" she asked.

"Don't know much about it. Only lived through one night of it," he replied.

Alas! the one night he had lived through was his only memory, and pity 't was, that one, too, could not have been buried in forgetfulness with those others of his life. Once only did the man manifest the least return to reason, and himself. That came when Nurse Dobson stood by, rubbing and bathing his poor hands, that still bore the marks of the battle for life. Her attention was attracted to the picture of a young child tattooed into the Stranger's wrist.

"What a pretty little girl, Stranger!" said Nurse Dobson, as she divided her thoughts, between the face that smiled out from its strange framing, and reflections over the barbarous custom which had so successfully, if not artistically, accomplished its delineation.

The man looked down at the image imprinted thus indelibly into his flesh, and for the first time a smile seemed to overspread his wan face. He made a feeble effort to raise to his lips the almost lifeless arm (for it still bore the signs of the con-

flict with Jack Frost), as if to kiss the picture upon it.

"Who is she, Stranger?" asked Nurse Dobson. "Ah! some little sweetheart, I guess. Is it so?" And as she put the questions to her patient, she hoped, almost beyond hope, that the picture might prove a mirror to reflect the Stranger's past, and to unloose his silent tongue.

But the vacant stare was resumed, and the conversation was dropped; and the Stranger returned to his old life of silence.

. . . . . .

And the winter merged into spring.

The moors again spread their carpet of promised loveliness.

The white fleet in the harbor unfurled their sails as if waiting for their absent crews.

"The sound of the hammer was again heard in the land," in preparation; for Summer was the expected guest of To-morrow, — a To-morrow that others beside the islanders anticipated.

Off in her city home Rosemary McBurnie was counting the days that must pass before she should turn her face — that face now so pale —

towards her summer home, there to welcome the breezes, that she hoped would be an elixir to bring again her lost strength. Already the annual message had been sent to Sam Meader, to loosen from its moorings the garden boat, and anchor it in its old-time harbor between the cottages on the beach.

"Mamma," said Rosemary, as the preparations for departure were drawing near completion, — "mamma, I am hoping so much from this summer. What will it bring, I wonder?"

In the mother's heart the question was repeated, "What will it bring?"

Oh, wondering waiting hearts! "Take no thought for the morrow," but learn the lesson of the lilies, and watch the sparrows in their fall.

"I am afraid," said Rosemary, "that we shall have to wait weeks, perhaps, for the Wilders; but then it is so much easier to wait for a friend than to say, 'Good-bye.' I think I will send Daisy a message to let her know that we are soon going to our island Paradise."

The two girls, in their great fondness for their summer home, were so accustomed to speak in such exaggerated terms of it, that

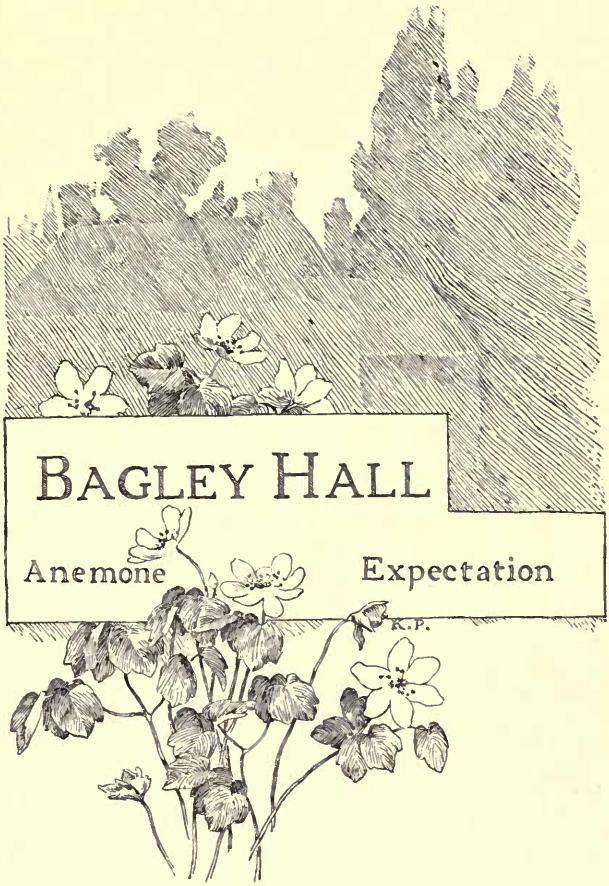
the only thought which suggested itself to the mother's heart was that their island home might bring happiness and convalescence to Rosemary, and be indeed an earthly Paradise, — in its fulfilment of hoped-for blessings to both; and so, buoyed up by such thoughts, Mrs. McBurnie willingly lent herself to a unison of sympathy to send a messenger to Daisy Wilder; and that messenger was a floral spray with the blush of promise upon the fragrant blossoms of the

SWEET PEA.

Sweet Pea.
Departure.

Farewell!
I am going:
There, to wait the coming of your feet.
I am going:
But without thee life could ne'er be sweet.
Happy day,
That day of meeting!
Though To-day,
My word of greeting
Is, — Farewell!

Grace Le Baron.


BAGLEY HALL
Anemone
Expectation
K.P.

VIII.

BAGLEY HALL.

ANEMONE. EXPECTATION.

AT the "Misses Bagley's Fashionable Boarding-School" all is confusion and preparation. The school year is about to close. Adieus will soon be spoken, and the separations to follow will be to some of the pupils a separation over which uncertainty will breathe its benediction. For across the continent is a long, long journey, and it is doubtful how many may in the future take it, since to some, home is bounded by the broad Atlantic; while to others, the Pacific coast is their "Golden Gate" to home and happiness!

And such changes as the few short months have wrought! So is it that influence, whether for good or bad, can mould our lives and lay claim to our inclinations.

Daisy Wilder is again looking into her "Pandora box;" and as she lifts from its hiding-place the dainty pink silk dress, her mind reverts

to that day of her coming to Bagley Hall. Only a few short months ago, and yet how different is everything now! Teachers and pupils are no longer living in separate worlds, but bound together by a bond of sympathy that draws the veil of oblivion over the shortcomings of both, which but yesterday stared in their magnified magnitude, and were as stumbling-blocks in the way of happiness and harmony. Even Miss Abigail's jute head-dress becomes to the imaginative a halo about her wrinkled face, transfigured by the forgiving light of mutual love!

Miss Lucindy's time-worn mitts may still conceal homely bits of God's workmanship, but the impressions of sympathetic hands give them a new beauty in the clasp of good-will.

And the friendship between Daisy Wilder and Beulah Scilley is an awakening that has brought with it a mutual helpful influence, and many happy hours, for the two girls have become almost inseparable since that day of Daisy Wilder's justification, which, alas! brought with it the accusation of Beulah Scilley; but has not much "good come out of Nazareth"? with the return of the latter's birthright, — an open

nature, and a confidence given to others which calls out a like confidence from those about her.

The two girls are still room-mates in "Room Number Ten;" for Daisy, to whom the choice of a change had been given, insisted that Beulah, and Beulah only, must be her chosen companion, and the close of the school year finds them living over in retrospect the days of the past with their attendant crosses and pleasures of life.

Beulah, it is, who has become the sapling to be protected and to be advised, while Daisy Wilder is become as the pine-tree, full of strength,— full of that strength of character which makes her a leader and an adviser to her schoolmates.

"Well," said Daisy, as she packed away her books (it is to be feared, with a certain amount of satisfaction which she could not disguise),— "well, I have really done better than I thought I should when I first entered this little room, and became piece of merchandise 'Number Ten.' I know the Greek alphabet by heart, and as for Algebra — well, I'm not half bad in it! for I can keep my current expenses, and account for every cent, even to those I spend for pickles and chocolates."

"Yes, and your conduct mark is 'Exemplary A,'" interrupted Beulah.

"Oh, yes, I know, 'Exemplary A,' as my report reads; but I do not feel myself just entitled to such honors," replied Daisy, who could not quite forget those days of Welsh rarebit and indigestion.

"Be sure that Miss Abigail would never have given you that high mark if she had not thought you deserved it. I do not doubt but that she has been working for weeks over those minus and plus signs on your record page; and behold the result!" said Beulah.

"Yes, I know Miss Abigail has of late grown very forgiving," replied Daisy.

"And do you know who it is she holds responsible for the marked change in her — in every one — at Bagley Hall?" asked Beulah.

"Oh, yes," gayly replied Daisy. "I know of one whom she holds responsible for one thing at least, — one happy change, — that happy change from chiccory to coffee." And Daisy's words were interpreted by her merry laugh and tell-tale look, which, however, soon followed with a more penitent one, as she said to her companion, "I know that I did very wrong at that time, although

I really did not mean to; but I forgive myself by thinking that out of evil has come good, — for it was the best quality. *You* know that!" And Daisy recalled her temptation.

"It is you, Daisy, that Miss Abigail holds responsible for the peaceful atmosphere of Bagley Hall," said Beulah. "She told me so herself."

"I?" asked Daisy, in an inquiring but doubting tone. "I? Why, what have I done, — or rather, what have n't I done? No, Beulah, if anything that I have — or have not done — has brought about good results, it is Rosemary McBurnie, and not I, who is the saint of Bagley Hall. Dear Rosemary McBurnie! It is her strength and her influence that have helped me to help you, if I ever have. And now she has gone where I hope the sea breezes will bring back the color to her cheeks. Mother wrote me that she was going, and I judged, from the message Rosemary last sent me, that she had started. She must get well! for a summer without her will be like a summer without the roses; but then," added Daisy, "I always said Rosemary, even as a little girl, was not of this earth, but that she 'belonged in cloudland where the angels

live.' How I wish I were going right to our summer home now, to be with Rosemary and you, Beulah; for you will be there soon, won't you? Oh, dear, how can I wait four weeks! but I must, I suppose. Just kiss all the cobble-stones for me, won't you? Yes, I will even send my blessing to that treacherous one that cost me so much patience and a doctor's bill! I ought to have sent the bill to the town to settle, father said, but we contributed it to the 'Committee,' hoping they would find a way to be more generous in repairs on highways. But kiss them all, Beulah, — the cobble-stones, not the Committee, I mean."

"Come, come," said Beulah; "we must pack faster and not talk so much; so that we may be ready for the invitation which reads, 'The Misses Bagley. At home, from four till six.'"

"Think of it, — an afternoon tea at Bagley Hall!" said Daisy. "Come, you little unknown blessing!" and she shook out the folds of the pretty dress that had never as yet fulfilled its mission. "How much pleasanter, Beulah," she continued, "an afternoon tea will be than discussing the possible virtues of Bacon and Shakespeare on such a hot day as this! Who cares

who wrote which, so long as Romeo and Juliet still sit on the balcony, and he tries to decide whether she wears a Tréfousse or a Foster lacing! — and she, meanwhile, is choosing between a homœopathic pellet or an allopathic dose? Who cares? I don't, that is certain."

"Oh, and how glad I am that we have not to hear about that model boy Casabianca on the burning ship (only now they pretend to say he never did it!) and be all harrowed up, and go with Mark Antony to Cæsar's funeral. No, I thank you, Miss Daisy Wilder, if you please, prefers a five o'clock tea to any of those horrors. Come, Cæsar and Mark Antony! Peace to your ashes, Cæsar! Good-bye!" said Daisy, as she hid her Shakespeare in the bottom of her trunk.

From this it will be seen that Daisy has not as yet acquired a reverence for her books, even though her interest in them may have been somewhat awakened.

"And as for you," continued Daisy, in merry humor, as she opened her portfolio of sketches, "you will not tell any secrets, will you? No, you will keep all my struggles with you strictly confidential."

Then turning, she addressed herself again to

Beulah, opening as she did so, to the life study of a horse, which had cost her hours of practice, and discouragement. "Now look at him, and tell me what you think, Beulah, of my chances at being 'skyed' at the next Salon. See him, — what a noble animal!

'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'

Tell me, Beulah, does he look of the family of Rosa Bonheur's stock farm, or of Nancy Hanks or — the 'Condemned'?"

A merry laugh followed Daisy's estimate of her artistic talents; and as she buried deep in her trunk, beside her Shakespeare, the portfolio, she said with a forced sigh, "Ah, me! I shall never be a Greek scholar; I shall never be a mathematician; and out of the mouth of that very horse speaks the verdict that I shall never be an artist! Oh, dear! what am I destined for, I wonder?"

"You are destined to be a true friend to those who deserve your friendship," said Beulah, "and that is a virtue not given to many. But what is that book, Daisy?" asked Beulah, as she pointed to a book which was lying upon the floor.

"Oh, that," said Daisy, "is my diary, of which, with the cook's kind permission, I am going to make a bonfire, with all my old letters for kindling."

"What!" ejaculated Beulah, in astonishment, "you are not going to burn up your best friend, as you used to call it, Daisy?"

"Oh, yes," answered Daisy, "but that was before I knew a better to confide in;" and Daisy's loving glance reached the tender heart of that "better friend" by her side.

"But why do you burn it up?" persistently asked Beulah, who had learned to regard the little book as sacred to Memory's Past.

"Oh, there are reasons for my burning it, Beulah, that I do not care to tell. Cannot you trust me, Beulah?" said Daisy.

"Trust you!" replied Beulah, with animation. "Who cannot trust Daisy Wilder does not know the full meaning of that little word, 'trust.' But I know why you are going to destroy your diary. Oh, you need not fear to let it tell its tales. I know that I deserved every word of condemnation it speaks. Oh, no, I never read them, Daisy, — believe me, I never read them! for somehow, despite everything, I was never

brave enough to talk with such a truthful friend, and I always respected its rights of secrecy."

No persuasive powers could, however, deter Daisy from her resolution to "cremate her old friend," as she termed the destruction of the little book.

"Beulah dear, I must," she said, "in justice to you and myself;" and later, Daisy's confidential friend lay, a handful of ashes, upon the smouldering bonfire below stairs.

"Who is invited, Daisy, to the five o'clock?" asked Beulah, as the two girls surveyed their labors of the day.

"First, you and I, Beulah," replied Daisy, and she commenced to count upon her fingers, as she enumerated the guests. "Excuse me, Beulah; but I just mention the most important ones, first, because, you see, without us the tea cannot go on, for we are to pour it, you know! Then, next in importance come the pupils in general of Bagley Hall; for if there were not any pupils, there would not be any class day; and if there were not any class day, there would not be any afternoon tea. That is an axiom not to be disputed by any one, present, or to be present, I fancy. Then, next invited, are all the old

families about Hillside, — contemporaries of the Misses Bagley. Does that sound exciting to you? But — and here marks the progress of etiquette, and the football team — next invited are the members of that same football team, who came up yesterday for a scrimmage (what else can you call it?) on Simpkins' Field. Yes, they are all coming, — all that are left of them, at least! Signed, sealed, and approved by Deacon Simpkins, whose guests they have been over night."

"But how do Miss Abigail or Miss Lucindy know these young students?" asked Beulah.

"Oh, but they do not know them!" said Daisy; "but in these days that is only a trifle. Somebody comes to town. Somebody knows that Somebody has come to town; and Somebody else says to Mr. Somebody, who has come to town, 'Come and visit me, Mr. Somebody, on such a day.' And Mr. Somebody goes, as invited by Mr. Somebody; and there you have it! although sometimes Mr. Somebody may be — only a Mr. Nobody!

"But there! I really ought not to do such injustice to Miss Abigail or Miss Lucindy Bagley, for it really does happen that they know the

parents of some of the college boys ; and, anyway, of course they are all well connected. Query : I wonder if it is with a fourteen or a twenty carat gold chain. It makes quite a difference in these days. But think of it, Beulah, — boys in Bagley Hall ! What shall we do with them ? " asked Daisy.

" Why, entertain them, of course, I suppose," said Beulah, as if resigned to the inevitable. " But how did it happen, Daisy," she asked, " that the Misses Bagley dared to bring such tinder as college boys to Bagley Hall ? "

" Not as sparks, you may be sure, Beulah," and the two girls laughed heartily at Daisy's well-timed joke. " Miss Abigail told Mary Bumstead that she thought it a part of a girl's education to be able to converse understandingly and gracefully ; and that she felt it to be an ordained law that boys and girls should often meet on the common ground of friendship ; and I agree with her ! " said Daisy, with a laugh.

" You do not think, surely, that Bagley Hall is in danger of becoming a mixed school, do you ? " asked Beulah.

" Can't tell," said Daisy. " There is great room for improvement, — yes, even at Bagley

Hall. But, come closer, Beulah, and let me whisper in your ear something a little bird told me the other day;" and as Beulah leaned to listen, Daisy assumed a very knowing look, but whispered a part only of what the "little bird" had told her, and closed her confidence with, "you just wait and see, Beulah!"

"And if you prove a true prophet, Daisy," said Beulah, "I suppose that you will be as ready with your, 'I told you so!'"

"Oh, you may be sure I will; and that time is not far off, either, although it has been long, long, on the way," said Daisy. "But, come, we must be dressed soon to take our places at the tea-urn, and to entertain those boys, you know."

"I know no more how to entertain and talk with those 'boys,' as you call them (young gentlemen, I suppose they call themselves), Daisy, than I know how to read Sanscrit," said Beulah.

"Well," replied her companion, "you are a good Greek scholar, and Greek is not far off from Sanscrit, — to me, anyway; and as for entertainment, why, all you need to talk about is the football game, and ask how many they left dead on the field; or if the ambulance corps had enough court-plaster and bandages to supply

the demand? You see," continued Daisy, "the true secret of conversation is to choose understandingly a topic adapted not only to the brains of your hearers, but, as well, one that will appeal to their hearts. Don't talk over their heads, and don't talk beyond their hearts. For instance, Beulah, you might talk with me all day about acute or obtuse angles, and apply the rule to my style of walking. I should still turn my toes in, just as I have always done, simply because neither my mind — nor feet! — were on those angles. But how fine you do look!" said Daisy, as she surveyed Beulah, dressed for the coming five o'clock.

And a pretty sight it was, later, to look through the rooms of Bagley Hall, all aglow with lights and flowers and the freshness of youthful beauty and innocence. At two prettily decorated tea-tables sat Daisy Wilder and Beulah Scilley, the former adding a grace to the pink silk dress, and the latter in a white muslin, whose simplicity was well suited to the latter's girlish face. If Beulah Scilley manifested a little of her old-time reserve, it was only because she had not as yet gained the full ease of manner she was by degrees acquiring.

And the college boys! Although an element before unknown in a Bagley Hall education, they proved the wisdom of Miss Abigail's words, "that boys and girls should meet oftener upon the common ground of friendship."

Yes, Miss Abigail had become more generous of late in her ideas, evidently. Perhaps it was that she had but just learned that the other sex was not one of grim ogres, as she had been led to think; and perhaps the little God of Love was responsible for Miss Abigail's change (and exchange!) of heart, for although Cupid wore upon his head Deacon Simpkins' iridescent wig, he had made with his bow and arrow a true shot into the target of Miss Abigail's heart —at last! And at the public announcement of the latter's complete surrender of Bagley Hall, with all its "rights and privileges," to her sister, Miss Lucindy, Daisy Wilder leaned towards Beulah Scilley, and repeated her prophetic words, "I told you so!" and Deacon Simpkins' and Miss Abigail Bagley's close attention to each other was a positive proof of what "the little bird" had brought to Daisy's ear.

. . . . . .

So closed the year at Bagley Hall. Has it been all in vain, even though Greek and mathematics have not found ready pupils? Has it been all in vain, this year of a greater knowledge of human nature? Who better to answer the question than Miss Lucindy herself, who, as she clasps Daisy's hand in parting adieus, says fervently, "Good-bye, Miss Wilder. You have helped me more than you, perhaps, are aware, and more — much more — than I can ever tell you! We are never too old to learn, and never too young to teach; for 'out of the mouths of babes' has before now come wisdom."

And Daisy and Beulah said their good-byes to Bagley Hall, and bore each other company on their journey homeward as far as Boston, where the latter was to spend the night with the former, then to continue her journey the following day to her own — home!

Home! how different the meaning conveyed to the two girls in that one little word! To Daisy, it was the very essence of all the fragrance of life. To Beulah, it was a revelation to be, rather than a joy of the present.

"Oh," she said, as the train went on its way, "I am truly grateful, Daisy, for the care which

auntie has given me for so many years. Do not misunderstand me, but I cannot help feeling a loneliness of late; a loneliness, I suppose, that has come with others' happiness, when I have seen all the girls looking forward to joining their parents, — a loneliness of heart, Daisy, that you cannot understand, for you have father and mother waiting for you; and I, — well, you know all I would say."

Well, full well Daisy knew how lonely, indeed, must be the life of her young friend by her side, — without a father's love, without mother, and, in short, without a home in its most sacred meaning.

"Beulah," said Daisy, in parting at the train, the next day, "you will go to see Rosemary before many days, will you not, and take her a trunk full of messages? But I have a favor to ask of you. Please do not refer to — that — unhappy — time. All that Rosemary knows, is that in some way I was in disgrace, and that in some other way justice was done me; but how, or by whom, or indeed what the disgrace was, she has never known; and I do not wish her to know. Promise me, Beulah, and give me your hand in con-

fidence, and good-bye, and your lips to seal our contract."

Such was the final parting between the two friends, and each resumed their old life in their separate homes. Nor was it long before Beulah executed Daisy's commission, and conveyed to Rosemary McBurnie the former's trunkful of messages. She found the latter busy over her flower-garden; and as Rosemary's delicate hands bent towards her a white rose to scent its fragrance, Beulah, as she watched, could not refrain from the thought, "Like a white rose she lives for others' good. Will she fade like the flowers, I wonder?"

It was after one of these frequent visits to the McBurnies' cottage that Beulah Scilley was returning to her aunt's. She walked along in pleasant reverie, for the time was nearing for Daisy's coming to her summer home; and to Beulah it meant a ray of sunshine in her life of shadow. She neared her home, and was about to open the garden gate, when she thought she heard her name called. She lingered, with her hands on the iron latch, turned, but saw no one. Again, she fancied she heard the voice, calling this time in a hoarse whis-

per, but in a whisper that still attracted her attention.

"Who called me? Was it you, Miss Phœbe?" she asked, as she saw Phœbe Valentine on her steps across the way.

"No, not I, Beulah; but I thought, too, that I heard some one speak your name," said Phœbe.

"It was auntie, probably," said Beulah, as she closed the gate behind her and entered the house, — to find no one at home! and so her question remained unanswered, "Who called me?"

In her dreams that night, Beulah saw strange faces, and awoke with a start, at the sound of her name repeated in a whisper, as before, "Beulah!"

"It was only a dream," she said, as she laid her head upon her pillow again, — "only a dream, an ugly nightmare," she repeated.

But dreams are ofttimes the awakening of our senses; and God grant that Beulah's dream may lead her out of her nightmare of loneliness!

At his window lattice across the way, the "Stranger" still sat in his weakness; and what of his dream? Will there ever come to him an

awakening of his senses, — those senses now so dulled and feeble? Ever vigilant, Nurse Dobson still watches over the shipwrecked sailor, looking always for the one chance of hope held out by the doctor. Of late, the Stranger has seemed beyond the fulfilment of that hope. Is it that "the darkest hour is just before the dawning"? God grant it may be so!

It was a surprise to good Nurse Dobson to find one day the big chair in which the "Stranger" had been accustomed to spend his long, weary days moved across the room. No more could he be prevailed upon to look over the water, but insisted on peering through the lattice, that shut him out from the street, but which could not shut from him the street, with its pretty cottages.

"You are getting smart, Stranger," said Nurse Dobson, when she first discovered the change. "Changed your bearings? Pray, how did you get that great chair moored over there? Was it done while I was down to breakfast? Oh, ho!" she said, "'When the cat is away the mice will play,' no matter how old they are. But, tell me, how could you move it with your strength? You must be getting stronger."

The Stranger intimated that his feet had helped, as well as his feeble hands, in the accomplishment of what looked to good Nurse Dobson a herculean feat.

"And so you have tired of the harbor, have you?" asked she. "You will never find a prettier one this side of the heavenly harbor of rest, and it is so much cooler that side of the room."

But no persuasion could change the sick man's choice, and to argue with him would only be to excite him; so there he sat, watching, — ever watching, — ever peering through the lattice. Watching for what? The dawn of returning Memory; the key of Love that would unlock the closed door of his Past, all ready and waiting for a hand to liberate him.

Beulah had been confined to the house by days of indisposition ever since that one which followed her night of dreams. "Auntie," she said, "I think I will go over and make a call upon Mrs. Valentine, if you can spare me. Down here there is a code of etiquette unknown anywhere else. It has neither rhyme nor reason in it, and really plays havoc with the regulations of good society elsewhere. You must call, rather

than be called upon, when you come to town. I would not encourage it, even to-day, if I could go anywhere else, but I need a change sadly, and you will appreciate me more if I leave you for a while; so I will run over and tell Mrs. Valentine and Phœbe — that I came to town a month ago! Good-bye."

As Beulah left the house, her aunt was obliged to acknowledge the loneliness the girl left behind her, and Mrs. Barney soliloquized, "Somehow, Beulah is different to what she was before she went away. Another year at boarding-school, and she won't have her equal on this island. If Richard Scilley could only see her now! How glad I am she does not favor him in looks! No, she is her mother's very self over again, for she is growing to look every day more and more like poor Susan J. She really is getting to be quite a handsome young lady."

Thus did Mrs. Barney soliloquize, as she watched with pride her niece, Beulah Scilley, cross the street to the home of the Valentines.

"So glad to see you, Beulah," said Phœbe Valentine, as she answered the knock at the door.

"We just needed you to cheer us up. Come

in and chat, and then sing to us, will you? Mother was saying only yesterday that she did wish she could hear you sing again."

Of course there was much to talk about, — school and its interests, the long winter, that had brought the shipwreck to the island, Daisy's coming, and the summer pleasures in anticipation.

"And now please sing us a song or two, won't you, Beulah?" asked Phœbe Valentine. "You will have quite an audience to-day, gallery and orchestra chairs full; for Nurse Dobson says that Stranger upstairs has been asking for music for some days."

"Is he crazy?" asked Beulah, with a fear expressed in her pretty face, which emphasized the terror in the tone of her voice.

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Valentine. "He is only a poor feeble man, and his memory has failed him; but the doctor says he will come out all right yet, and that he already sees a marked improvement in him the past week. He is a very patient man. Come, sing to him, and to us all."

"What shall it be?" asked Beulah, as she seated herself at the piano.

"Oh, anything, Beulah," replied her hostess. "I always liked that 'Lullaby Song;' it seemed so well suited to your voice."

Running her fingers carelessly over the piano keys, as if to recall the music, Beulah sang in a voice sweet and low the song called for: —

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest, on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon."

For Beulah, the words had an association she knew not of; and yet, as she sang them, they appealed to her as never before, and her voice manifested her emotion. She was too young to remember her mother's voice, as once it lulled her baby off to sleep, singing the same sweet words: —

"Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon."

But, alas! "Father" never came to the young wife and mother, waiting and watching in her

lonely home for the absent lover, and the "silver moon" hid itself behind the clouds, and hope died out with the mother's life.

The hush that followed Beulah's singing was a silent appreciation of it, and was broken by a feeble attempt at applause from above stairs, by the Stranger, who had listened intently to the song.

Soon Nurse Dobson appeared in the doorway to say that the Stranger insisted upon seeing the youthful singer. "Would she please come up?"

"I never have seen him so interested before in anything!" said the old nurse, — "never since I have had the care of him. You should have seen him when you were singing. Why, I almost thought that he joined in the chorus, and he sat so thoughtful like, too."

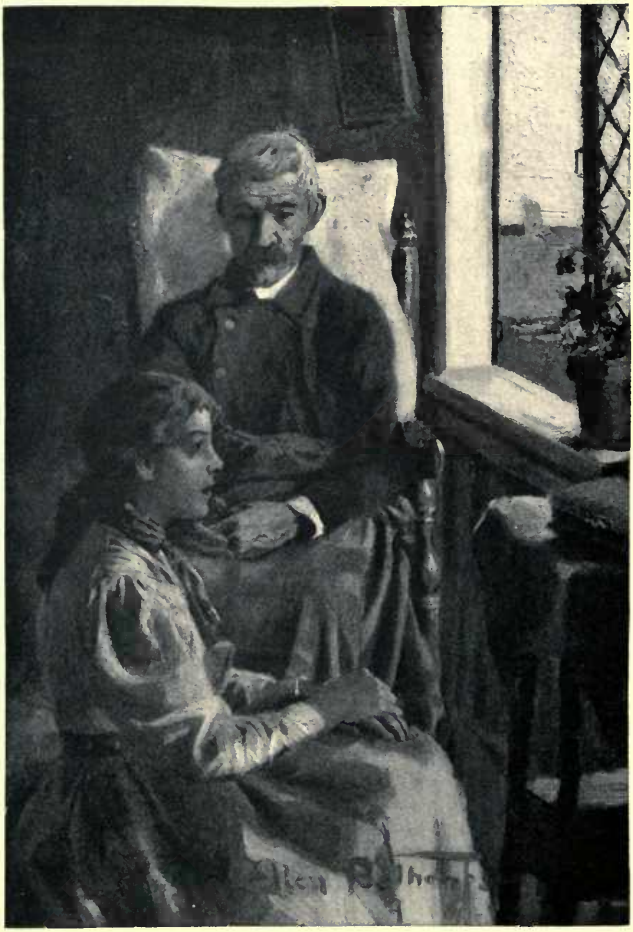
Of what was the "Stranger" thinking as he listened? Of that other "voice singing in Paradise"?

Beulah needed no urging to visit the Stranger in his room. "He may be some one's father," she said to herself; and, like the Widow Valentine's, her tender heart prompted the words, "I will do as I would another might have done

for — him!" and she followed Nurse Dobson up the stairs, Mrs. Valentine and Phœbe close behind.

During his long illness, the Stranger had never before asked to see any caller at the Valentine house; yet this young girl had sung her way into the sick man's heart. The charms of music were too well known to dispute their power; and every member of that family welcomed the hour that had awakened such an interest in their patient. But — was it the music? Might it not be the singer?

"Come in, my child," said the "Stranger" to Beulah, as she stood waiting upon the threshold of his room. "Come in, and sing it again to me. I had a babe in the nest once, — a long, long time ago. I dreamed of her the other night, as I slept in my chair by that window." And the Stranger pointed towards the harbor view. "But she could n't walk over the water, if she should come; so now I am watching for her to come this other way, and perhaps she will some day come to her poor father." The hope expressed in the man's tone was as pathetic as his words. "I can wait — I can wait — a little longer," said he.



Beulah sat, as requested, on a low footstool at the Stranger's feet, and sang again: —

"Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon."

She sang without any accompaniment, but none was needed in such an audience-room. It would have detracted from the words and the inspiration of such an hour.

Low at the Stranger's feet, the singer sat. With each word that she uttered, she seemed to pour out her very soul, and the Stranger's heart beat responsive to the song. He looked into Beulah's young face, as if he would trace in it a likeness to some one whom he had once known.

"Thank you so much," he said to Beulah, when the song was finished.

"Yes, we all thank Beulah," said Phœbe Valentine, speaking the gratitude of the company.

As she spoke the singer's name, the Stranger turned quickly, waited a moment, then said slowly, "What — name — did — you — say?"

"Beulah. This is Miss Beulah Scilley," replied Phœbe.

"Wait — wait," said the Stranger, raising his hand to his head and brushing away the hair

from his forehead, as if he would clear the confusion from his weary brain. Then he repeated in measured accents, "Beu-lah Scil-ley. Beu-lah Scil-ley —"

The man's whole frame trembled with emotion as he repeated for the second time the words, — the name so dear to him! Then, leaning over to Beulah, who still sat at his feet, the Stranger placed his hand tenderly upon her head and smoothed her glossy hair.

Again he looked into Beulah's eyes! Again he took between his feeble hands the young face before him! Then, leaning nearer to her, he put his face closer to the rosy cheeks of the girl, and sobbed, "My child! my child! Yes — yes —

'Father will come to thee soon.'"

and the Stranger's tears fell as a benediction upon Beulah's young life and an outlet for his own long pent-up memory.

"Yes, yes," he kept repeating again and again: —

"'Father will come to thee soon.'

Your father is here, Beulah. Look up. Look up, my child."

The sudden emotion long waited for had come,

too! No voice but the happy father's broke the silence, although others' tears fell in mingled gratitude for that hour, — the hour that held so much of promise in its keeping.

For the time the Stranger seemed simple as a child. Now, he stroked again and again the girl's head, that lay in his lap. Anon, he lifted her hands, — those hands that had never since babyhood known a father's loving clasp, — patting them continually with nervous endearment. Then, as his tears fell and glistened in Beulah's pretty hair, he would sing in his feeble way, which sounded much like a happy mother crooning to the infant in her arms: —

"'Father will come to thee soon.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.'

My child! my child!"

In the man's eyes already shone the new light of returning memory; on the way, — but not as yet fully come to its promised fulfilment.

And Beulah? It had all come to her as by heavenly intuition. Her father was bending over her. That was happiness enough for the present. No more for her the loneliness of the past! She could wait with him, as she now

waited, to reciprocate the love thus poured out to her. For the present all was expressed in those words so new to her, "My father!"

And the setting sun went down over the waters. The twilight shadows drew about them its veil, and the little harbor became to the two a harbor of heavenly rest and peace, in truth; and the sails of the white fleet of fishing-boats rounding the Point, one by one, shone in the light of the "silver moon" like the "silver sails" of the song. And "Father" still sat in close communion with his new-found fledgling, while the music of the waves sung a lullaby to them both: —

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest."

Such was the coming of Richard Scilley to Beulah, his "babe in the nest;" and with that return came happiness to him and to all who had watched so tenderly over him, because the closed gate of restoration to health was already open upon its hinges, and soon the physician's prophecy would be fulfilled. To Beulah, a new life had dawned, and she joined the watchers, waiting; but — had she not waited for this hour since earliest childhood?

It was Beulah's aunt alone who could not accept the coming of Richard Scilley in the true spirit of gratitude and "all for the best." It was difficult for her to think of him as anything but the "good-for-naught" she thought him once; and would he not in time take from her the companionship of the gentle girl whom she had but just come to love and know, whose heart, though late, she had at last found?

"I could forgive Richard Scilley for coming to life again! but he is a 'man born to (make) trouble as the sparks fly upward,'" said Mrs. Barney, when she learned the identity of the Stranger.

So, naturally, it was to Daisy Wilder and Rosemary McBurnie that Beulah turned for loving sympathy; and it was not long before she went the way her heart led. The next day after her new-found joy had come to her, she called at the McBurnies' cottage on the beach, to ask them to share in her happiness. Rosemary sat on the piazza, looking out over the water, as if in expectation. Beulah came near. Her face was aglow with the happiness at her heart and the joyous news she had in anticipation to tell.

"Good-afternoon, Beulah," said Rosemary, as

the latter drew near. "I am waiting for my ship to come in, you see, for each day of late I have been expecting Daisy; but you look as if your ship had already come in. You look very happy this afternoon, Beulah."

"Good-afternoon, Rosemary. Do I look happy? If I do, it is because I am so very, very happy, for my ship has come in," said Beulah.

"Did it come around the Point, or by the way of the South Shore?" asked Rosemary, gayly. "It must have come at the South Side, for I have watched the Point almost all day, — almost all the week, in fact."

"Yes," said Beulah, as Rosemary's jest recalled the shipwreck of the winter, that had brought her father to the island; "my ship came by the way of the South Shore, as you say, and it had a very stormy passage, too!"

"And," interrupted Rosemary, "did it bring you all the riches you expected, Beulah?"

"Yes, all, and more too!" said Beulah, in reply. "It brought me the most precious gem I own; it brought — me — my — father, Rosemary!" and Beulah told the story of her happiness, to which Rosemary listened eagerly and gave her loving congratulations. "I thought at

first I would wait until Daisy came, and tell you both together," said Beulah, as she closed her story; "but I could not, Rosemary. I had to come to you to-day. It was too good a story to keep from you longer. When is Daisy coming, — soon?"

"Yes, I think so, although I have been looking for her ever since she sent me her last message, — a dear little

"ANEMONE."

Anemone.
Expectation.

One joy there is all joys above,
One joy that all may own ;
E'en disappointment cannot mar
The joy in — Expectation !

O'er weary days it cast its light ;
Through darkest night it shone ;
Nor storm, nor tempest-cloud, can dim
The joy in — Expectation !

Faith is the motto of its choice,
Till life itself be done ;
And Hope the radiance that gilds
The joy in — Expectation !

O weary ones, who sit within
The shadows, one by one ;
Look up ! and learn that greatest joy, —
The joy in — Expectation !

Grace Le Baron.

To the Music of the Waves

Poppy Sleep

IX.

TO THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.

POPPY. SLEEP.

AND the little anemone, that brought the message of her anticipated coming from Daisy, brought, as well, with the breath of the little windflower, a like share of expected joys to Rosemary McBurnie. She had, as she told Beulah Scilley, sat a constant watcher all day, although she knew that but two boats, in any event, could bring to her the friend whom she most wished to see, and but one of them would be her "ship to come in."

The dip of the oars of the little rowboats in the harbor was music to her ears. The flapping of the sails of the white fleet beyond in the waters brought to her happy recollections. In the breezes that fanned her pale cheeks Rosemary hoped for new strength. Thus she sat, as she had for many days, nursing the hope that the summer would bring to her the anticipated

happiness and health in the sweet companionship of Daisy Wilder.

She had waited (oh, so patiently!) through the long winter months for this hour, for the "ship" that should bring to her the rosy cheeks of health, with that regret at her heart — that regret common to so many — that her ambition and strength were so ill attuned; for she had sacrificed much of the latter in her ambitious desire to graduate with honors from her school. But of what avail were honors now, with her tell-tale face speaking, as words never can, of the sacrifice of youthful strength? Still she hoped, and watched, and expected, and the boat rounded the Point, and its whistle seemed to speak its special message: for the messenger to come to her was Daisy Wilder, — a messenger of love.

The latter had been up and dressed with the sun, although the noon hour was the time set for the departure of the family; but Daisy, though a young lady of "sweet sixteen," that age which poetic natures love to associate with all that is sweet in life, was still only a little child in many things. With her distaste for books — the "works of man," as she termed them, came

that stronger love, as before said, for those others of God's supreme handiwork; and her attested love for flowers and for the roar of the ocean was divided with her affection for her quartette of pets. She had given orders that she might be called early; "for," said she to her maid Charlotte, "I must attend to my stock farm, — my zoo! before we go."

So Dick, the canary, who was proverbial for always singing at the wrong time, was given his breakfast of tiny cereals. Dandy, the Boston terrier, accepted his morning meal with the customary bow of thanks, and sharpened his incisors on the toothsome bones of past riches. Tom, the house cat, satisfied himself with his saucer of bread and milk, since to dissect Dick, the canary, seemed quite out of the question. And Polly! well, Polly's "cracker" was like her voice, an every-day affair, although the former relish seemed inadequate to satisfy Polly's appetite, judging from her ever-constant cry of "Polly wants a cracker." She varied it, however, with another, when, borne by the cook's deft and steady hand, her cage was taken aboard the train. And Polly's new cry of "Going away! Glad of it!" although but

the chattering of a poll parrot, echoed the sentiments of the whole family.

And Daisy and her zoo were on the way.

Happy prospects came to all the family, in the pleasant thoughts of another anchoring in the little harbor of rest, and the fancied greeting that awaited them at their island home. And fair gales led them there, as the boat which rewarded Rosemary's waiting eyes rounded the Point.

And so the summer life, ever old, but ever new, was resumed; and the summer friendship, strengthened by Beulah Scilley's love, became "a threefold cord." Will it be easily broken?

To Daisy, the news of the latter's happiness came as a surprise, but as a joy as well; for Beulah's loneliness of heart and life had often appealed to Daisy, who could no more "live without love," she always affirmed, than she could "live without bread and butter!"

"And so he was not as much of a stranger, after all, as his name would indicate," said Daisy, after she had heard Beulah's romantic story. "It only goes to prove just what I told Cousin Harold a year ago: it is a senseless

name, without any meaning down here, where everybody has a claim! Shall you go back to Bagley Hall?" asked Daisy.

"I fear not, Daisy," replied Beulah. "Father will need me. What do you hear from the Misses Bagley, Daisy?" she asked.

"I suppose you received a piece of Miss Abigail's wedding cake," said Daisy. "I did too; and I had a most terrible nightmare all night. I was foolish enough to put it under my pillow; I do not really know what for. 'They' told me to, and so I did as 'they' said, of course. Girls always have a foolish age, just as Captain Hussey told us last summer. It was good cake, though, for I ate a piece; and I think perhaps that was the real cause of my nightmare. Evidently Miss Lucindy has a new cook; for old Bridget's cake never could do any one any harm, unless in repentance for having ventured to explore its mysteries;" and Daisy laughed. Unfortunate words of reminder they proved to Beulah, and to Rosemary.

"Oh, tell me, Daisy," said Rosemary, — "tell me all about that time last winter, marked in my memory by that faded spray of marjoram. Tell me about it, please, now that it is all in

the past, and you came out with such flying colors, as I have since heard."

Daisy looked at Beulah, as if she were saying in rebuke, "You have broken faith with me."

Rosemary interpreted Daisy's look, and said, to disarm the latter's suspicion, "Beulah will not tell me a word about it. She says that she cannot, because she is under bonds to you, Daisy. Come, either break those bonds or tell me the story yourself, for I want to hear it, and judge for myself if justice was done you."

It was an embarrassing moment to both Daisy and Beulah. To Daisy, because of her one desire to protect her friend, Beulah Scilley. To Beulah, because of her one desire to break her promise to Daisy, — a desire that had been hers ever since she gave that promise; a desire to take Rosemary into confidence, and tell of Daisy Wilder's many kindnesses to one who felt herself unworthy of them.

"May I tell Rosemary?" said Beulah. "Do say that I may, Daisy," she urged.

And after much urging Beulah gained Daisy's permission to tell the story of her own humiliation, although Daisy's restrictions were upon her

with the injunction, whispered in Beulah's ear, "Remember, we travel incognito."

"And what name shall I give to — the other girl?" asked Beulah, about to commence her story.

"Oh," replied Daisy, "call her 'Pupil Number Eleven.' She ought to be proud of that name!"

Pupil Number Eleven! How much that recalled to the two girls! There had been a time when the name was not an honor to be proud of, but a disgrace to be forgotten, as it had already been forgiven. So with the mention of the name of "Pupil Number Eleven" came a whole tide of memories, — memories of Bagley Hall, — where discord once reigned, but where happiness conquered at last.

Beulah commenced her story, with Daisy Wilder as a watchful monitor over her words, and Rosemary McBurnie as an interested critic.

"You see," said Beulah, as she went on with the story, "everybody loved Daisy; and Pupil Number Eleven never knew what it was to be loved by any one."

"Poor girl!" interrupted Rosemary, and Beulah could only repeat, "Poor girl!"

"Oh, but she brought the whole school to her

feet before the year closed," said Daisy; "and it was worth all the unhappiness I suffered to know that girl as I do now!"

And Beulah continued her story, often recalling herself from the danger of breaking her bond of secrecy, and betraying the identity of "Pupil Number Eleven." As she told of that night of tears she said, "Those tears meant much to that poor girl, for she was never before known to cry."

"Yes; but those tears became tears of joy later," said Daisy, trying to throw over the past a glamour to palliate its sad memories.

In minute detail, Beulah told the story which even Rosemary's naturally forgiving nature found difficult to tolerate in full.

"Did she have any shame in her at all?" asked Rosemary, as Beulah told that part of the story where Daisy was brought before her jury.

"Just wait and see," replied Daisy, who was really looking forward for the peace of mind that would come to her with the close of the story.

Still again, Rosemary questioned, "But where did the girl get Daisy's lace handkerchief?"

"Why, Daisy herself loaned it!" quickly replied Beulah.

"And never told?" asked Rosemary.

"No. Never told a word, because — because she did not want to hurt —" She was just on the point of using, by accident, the pronoun "me," but quickly recovered herself, and said, "Dear kind-hearted Daisy! because she would not — so she told Miss Abigail — tarnish another's name by suspicion."

"How could you be so foolish, Daisy?" said Rosemary, whose sympathies were more and more with her friend with every detail of the story. "She deserved it all, Daisy."

Instantly Beulah, with an emotion in her voice, replied to Rosemary's question, "Yes," said she; "she — Pupil Number Eleven — deserved everything that came to her, except — except — the love of her schoolmates. She will never be worthy of that!"

"I say that she was deserving of every friend that she made," replied Daisy, in a most convincing manner, — "every one, Beulah Scilley!"

"But how could you be so forgiving and brave, Daisy?" asked Rosemary.

"Why, because you told me to be," replied Daisy.

"I?" asked Rosemary, in unfeigned surprise,

— "I? Why, I knew nothing about all this, Daisy."

"That may be; but did you not tell me, Rosemary, that I must do my duty, and defy the world? And was it my duty to injure the good name of another by placing it perhaps in a wrong light, since suspicion does not always bring its proof of guilt? Has not many an innocent person suffered because bound by a chain of circumstances that were against him in seeming; and how was I to know who really dropped my bit of finery in the place where it was found?"

"Quite right, my friend Daisy; and, looking at it in sober earnest, it was better that you should suffer, while you had the consciousness of having done your duty; for nothing could — as nothing did — harm you. But how could that girl — oh, how could she! — sit there and hear you, Daisy, maintain your innocence, and be dumb!"

"She could not! She could not!" said Beulah, with vehemence. "She suffered and suffered till she could stand it no longer! I know just how she felt!" said Beulah, in closing her story. And did not Beulah Scilley know, as no one else, the misery and contrition of that hour?

As Beulah finished the story, Rosemary said, turning to Daisy, "And you are quite sure you forgave her, Daisy?"

"Quite sure, Rosemary; as sure as I am that I love her to-day."

"And you, Rosemary, what would you have done?" asked Beulah.

"Oh, I should have tried to forgive the girl, just as Daisy did."

"And do you think you could have loved her as Daisy does?" asked Beulah.

"It would depend much upon the girl herself, I suppose," said Rosemary. "If it had been Daisy or you, why, I could love either of you under any circumstances."

"Could you?" asked Beulah, almost hesitating with fear, at a possible loss of Rosemary's gentle friendship. "Under any circumstances, Rosemary?" she asked.

"Yes, under any and every circumstance!" replied Rosemary, with loyalty shining out from her pitying eyes. "But who was Pupil Number Eleven, Daisy," asked Rosemary, not quite satisfied with half of the story. "Let me know, that I can forgive her, as you did."

Daisy refused to divulge the name over which

she had become guardian; but Beulah was not to be restrained.

"I can keep my promise no longer, Daisy! You must release me!" said Beulah, in an excited manner. Turning to Rosemary, she said, "It is I, Rosemary, who needs your forgiveness. Can you give it to me now that you know all?"

If Rosemary felt surprise at the *dénouement* of the story, she was wise in her control; and taking Beulah's hand in her own frail grasp, she kissed the latter with affection, saying, "There, Beulah, let that be my seal of forgiveness for my share in Daisy's sorrow, and love for you, dear friend. Forgive me, Beulah, rather, for seeking to know what was not intended for my ears."

"Oh, but it was, Rosemary! I could not be quite happy until I told you; and now — now what more have I to ask for, with your forgiveness and all my other blessings!"

"Friendship that cannot stand a test like that without faltering is unworthy the name," said Rosemary.

And the threefold cord became stronger than ever, although one thread was in the frail keeping of Rosemary McBurnie's delicate hand.

. . . . . .

And the summer months went by, — June, with its coronation of roses, July, with the reign of the Dog-star over its closing days.

And again August returns to complete the circle of the twelvemonth which has elapsed since first Rosemary McBurnie and Daisy Wilder spoke to each other in the language of the flowers, with the bloom of the blue forget-me-not and the simplicity of the white pansy — and the red poppy still nods upon its stem.

The circle of friendship is, too, well rounded out with the closing days of summer, for with them, Harold Macy has returned to enjoy his vacation holidays at his island home, and to breathe the soothing influence of the hallowed atmosphere, reconciled now to any lullaby that old Ocean may whisper in his ears. Beulah Scilley's friendship augments the happiness of Rosemary and Daisy, and the trio has become a quartette, although one ever-constant voice of discord disturbs the harmony of song.

. . . . . .

The peaceful calm of Sunday is proverbial in that island town.

The little rowboats are beached.

The white fleet is anchored in the harbor;

and the ocean, even, appears subdued, as it laps their sides with a musical rhythm that seems to say, like the song, —

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest."

The church bells ring out their call, and "islanders" and "off-islanders" meet, for the one day of the week, no more as "strangers," but as friends under the one roof-tree of the village church.

And the clouds tell of the going down of the sun.

Under the little marquee, which has been erected on the beach for the comfort of the invalid, Rosemary and her trusted friends sing, as the bells ring out the music of "Jerusalem the Golden."

The bells cease, and the song ends.

"Sing on, all of you," said Rosemary, as her voice dropped out of the choir. "Sing on, and I will go off to sleep. Here," she said, as she gave to each a flower, "obey my messenger, and sing me to sleep."

And the trio sang.

The sun sank to its rest.

The watcher in the belfry cried, "All 's well."

Over the waters came the echo of the song.

To the Music of the Waves.

Slowly sinks the sun to its rest,
Good-night, good-night,
As a bird in its downy nest,
Good-night, good-night,
Closes its weary eyes,
Slowly the daylight dies
In the West.
Good-night, good-night.

And Rosemary slept. The sweet music soothed the sleeper off to Dreamland.

The gentle breezes brought to her healing in their wings, and blissful sleep.

For such was the message of

THE POPPY.

Poppy.
Sleep.

Rock-a-bye,
Lull-a-bye, Hush-a-bye.
For so runs the song that the poppy sings,
And the little lady sleeps.
The angels spread wide their sheltering wings;
And the breath of Heaven sweet healing brings,
The while God His vigil keeps.
And the little lady sleeps.
For so runs the song that the poppy sings,
Rock-a-bye,
Lull-a-bye,
Hush-a-bye.

Grace Le Baron.

CONCLUSION.

SWEET MEMORIES.

White lilies in her hand she bore,
So beautiful! — ne'er seen before.
Ah me, so fair! so bright!
As if, unto their own sweet grace,
Her purity had lent its trace,
To make them spotless white.

IT is a day in the golden month of September. One of those days in which Summer seems to make an heroic effort to assert herself once again before she must surrender to the harvest moon. The white caps on the water have spent themselves for a while, and the ocean is as placid as a millpond, ever and anon coquetting with the sun's rays, that dance over it in pleasant frolic. The brisk northwest winds that have reigned for the past few days are subdued, and an atmosphere prevails which has in it the balminess of a midsummer day.

A general holiday air pervades the scene about the cottages on the beach. Still smiles

the garden-boat in all its brilliancy of salvia and marigold, but within the hospitable home of the McBurnies the perfume of the lily speaks its more fitting message of the day. Out from the windows come the mingled voices of song, and above all is the song of the hour, — the song of thanksgiving. The written messages which have heralded this hour have been commented upon by their recipients as having some hidden meaning, and impatient curiosity has kept the islanders on the *qui vive* for many days.

The invitation which bore the signature of Mrs. Cornelia McBurnie simply read, "Come and 'rejoice with those who rejoice,' on Saturday afternoon next." Simple words they were, but were they not the outburst of more than one grateful heart?

As Beulah read hers, she said, "Father, I shall hope for a good day for you on Saturday next, so that I may be spared from your side to join in the congratulations to Rosemary on her coming birthday." And when the day came, Beulah went her way, and was among the first arrivals at the McBurnies' cottage.

Rosemary, standing in the open hallway, where the golden sunlight shone through the

window upon her, looked more than ever as if "belonging to cloudland where the angels live." The folds of her simple white muslin dress enveloped her, and the lilies in her hands seemed a most fitting symbol of her life.

For like the perfume of the lilies has been the fragrant influence of that life.

We have seen its evidence in the happy, merry-hearted girl, Daisy Wilder.

It has spoken its helpful message in the life of Beulah Scilley.

Even in the far-away home of the Bagleys at Hillside has its fragrance bloomed in the perfection of harmony of thought and deed.

Yes, even the invalid, Richard Scilley, has felt its benefit and its cheer, awakening in him, with that love for his "bird in the nest," a strong desire to prove his sincerity by noble purpose, when life shall open anew to him.

It is a happy hour for the assembled company, who have, like Beulah, come to respond to the invitation "to rejoice with those who rejoice;" for not only does the day signalize another birthday for Rosemary, but, as well, her promised return to health. Her convalescence has been so slow during the summer months that it

is not until now that faint hearts have become strong in their faith in her ultimate recovery, and the new year for her augurs one of promise.

Beulah Scilley leads the thanksgiving song, and the full chorus take up the refrain, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

The song is finished; but its sentiment is everywhere apparent.

Beulah leads the way to the hall once again, to satisfy herself, by another word with Rosemary, before she returns to her father's side. An envelope is thrust into Beulah's outstretched hands, just as she is bidding her friend "good-bye," with the request that she read its contents aloud. Her hands tremble as she breaks the seal; and in surprise she scans the contents of the document enclosed. She makes an attempt to read aloud, — but it is only an attempt. The words are long, but their meaning is plain to the reader. She stammers, — falters, — and reads no more!

Daisy Wilder is quickly by Beulah's side, and helps her bravely over the embarrassment of the hour. Legal words and phrases do not appall Daisy in the least. Technical terms do not deter her, and the assembled company are

witnesses to the fact that the cottage on the beach, "owned by Mrs. Cornelia McBurnie, is deeded as a thank-offering to Miss Beulah Scilley."

Applause at such a time seems almost an intrusion, and Mrs. McBurnie breaks the embarrassing silence, saying, "Take it, Beulah, and all its belongings, and be to your father as devoted a daughter as Rosemary has ever been to me."

And Rosemary adds, in her own inimitable way, "Will you let me be your tenant for a month longer, Beulah?"

So closes the day of thanksgiving, with a message and a memory —

'Twixt You and Me.

. . . . . .

And still another year finds a new mistress presiding over the cottage on the beach; and Phœbe Valentine, as she sees her foster-daughter, Beulah Scilley, leave for Bagley Hall once again, with her chosen companions, Rosemary McBurnie and Daisy Wilder by her side, bids them all "God speed," and watches the boat round the Point; while the sailboats in the har-

bor give a chorus of salutes to the outgoing steamer, in which the gem of the white fleet leads, as she follows in the steamer's wake.

Her white sails are filled to catch the breeze! Her pennant flies from her masthead! Her bow cuts the water! and at her stern is the significant lettering, "My Valentine." At her helm sits her happy skipper, Richard Scilley, with one hand grasping the tiller and the other holding to his lips a large conch-shell, — the signal-horn of his little craft, from whose melodious depths he sends his parting salute to his daughter Beulah and her trusted friends, to which other hearts respond as lips repeat, —

'Twixt You and Me.

THE END.

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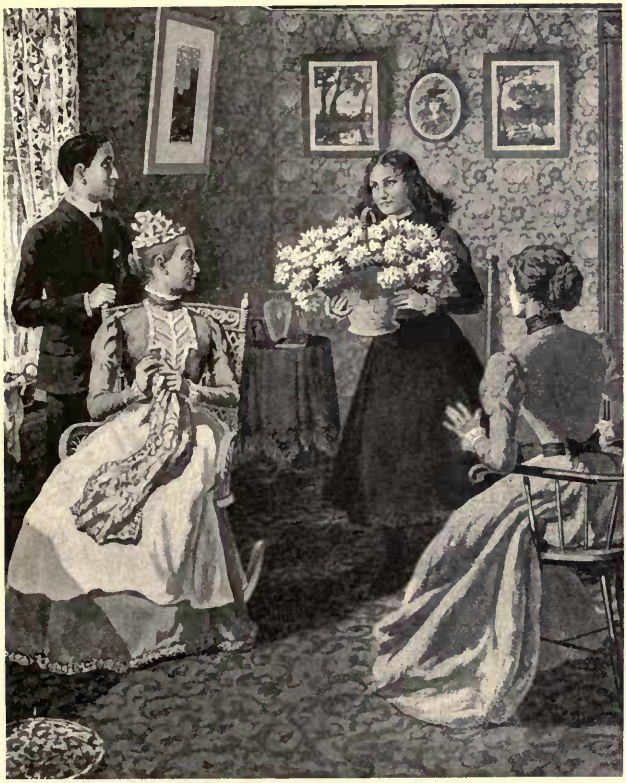

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